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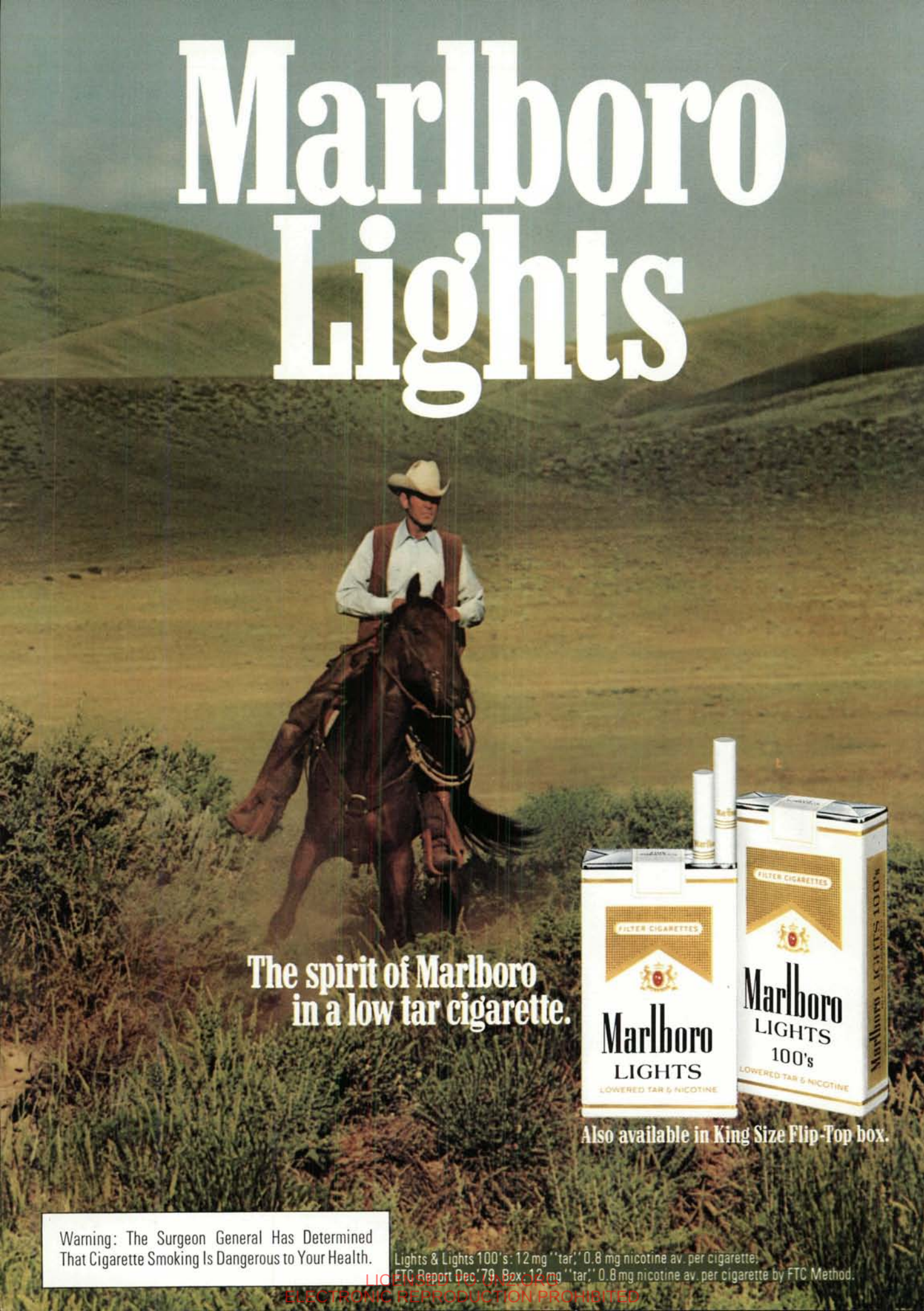

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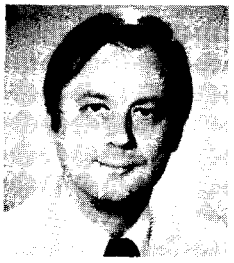
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342 Reagan's Economic Package: It's Not Good Enough

Sometimes it seems the President is the only man anywhere *near* the White House who grasps supply-side economics. His advisors all seem to be hung up on that grim old-time religion of favoring balanced budgets over tax cuts. Underlying the policy differences are important theoretical divergences. But there are also earthier sources of conflict: like who's going to be the next President? *Tom Bethell*

348 Lane Kirkland's Crisis of Leadership

The summer of 1980 was a moment of decision for Lane Kirkland. Should the AFL-CIO endorse the mushy Democrat Carter, or the reactionary but staunchly anti-Communist Reagan? Kirkland chose wrong, the union's rank and file chose right, and the union leadership has now estranged both its membership and the new Administration. *Arnold Beichman*

353 The Great Plains Chronicles

Ever heard of "consumer financing"? No? Well, read on. It's the federal bureaucracy's latest way of end-running the free market. It lost the battle of Great Plains, but the war has just begun. Guard your wallet. *Peter Navarro*

360 The Rhetoric of Freedom

Remember Fourth of July speeches? Everett Dirksen? Walter Judd? What ever happened to the grand utterance, unblushing in its celebration of liberty? A group of scholars recently convened at the University of Dallas to ponder the decay of political rhetoric, and how "rhetoric" has become a dirty word. *Charles R. Kesler*

362 Waiting for Mr. Reagan

The seven Siberian Christians have now been in our Moscow Embassy for nearly three years. Ronald Reagan has publicly supported them—though before he was even a candidate for President. Can he help them now? *Kevin Lynch*

364 The Real Case for Human Rights

Excerpts from four speeches to the UN Commission on Human Rights, on the startling subject of . . . human rights. *Michael Novak*

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367 **Joseph A. Rehyansky** looks at a debunking of the U.S. Army's role in Vietnam by "Cincinnatus" and wonders why it's been hailed in other quarters. Back to your plow, Cincinnatus. . . . Ray Allen Billington tells us how Europeans looked at the expanding American frontier. **Nicholas King** enjoys it all hugely. . . . **Jane Larkin Crain** thinks Letty Cottin Pogrebin just doesn't like the idea of there being two sexes. Okay, Mrs. Pogrebin, but can't you leave the kids out of it? (Guess not.) . . . Two new books profess to be about Alexander the Great but they're not but they're okay anyway, reports **Ruth Berenson**. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** looks back on poetry's future. . . . **Joseph Sobran** finds a Shylock he can relate to. . . . **John Simon** finds a movie he at least wishes he liked.

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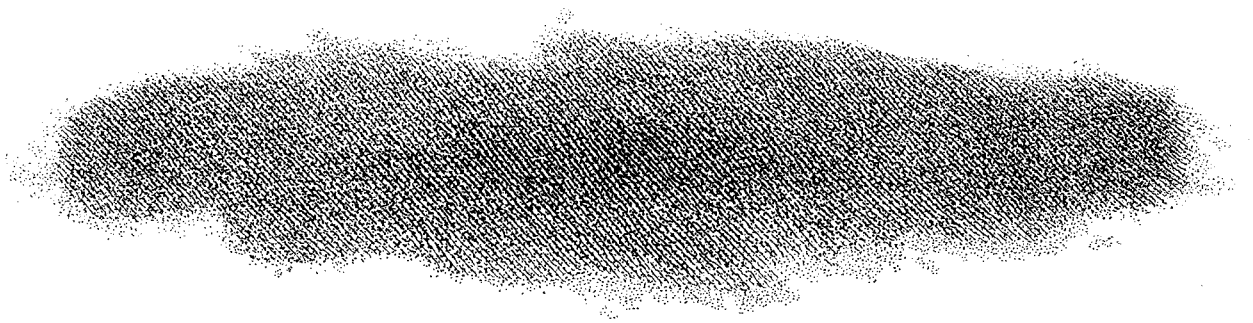

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Letters

Oil Scare or Scarcity?

Peter Lubin's well-drawn account of Saudi control of oil pricing ["Taming the Saudis," Mar. 20] and Samuel McCracken's analysis of Three Mile Island ["Two Years Later, Most Systems Go!" Mar. 20] are excellent. But do we really need OPEC oil *or* nuclear energy? According to the report of the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, "additions to oil and gas reserves [the result of drilling at unprecedented rates by the U.S. oil industry] have nearly arrested the decline in total reserves, and by the end of 1985 we believe that the United States may well see additions to reserves exceed consumption." The seven senators also found that the leasing of federal lands—which contain, among other things, 85 per cent of our total oil resources—has been at a standstill since 1971. The oil-shale reserves of just three Western states "contain the equivalent of six hundred billion barrels of oil, an amount that approximates the current known world reserves of oil," according to a Library of Congress study printed by the Committee. What gives?

Harold W. Gower
Weston, Conn.

History Lessons

I read with interest Madsen Pirie's story, "A Short History of Enterprise Zones" [Jan. 23], and was especially pleased by his raising the question of a "final test between freedom and planning." Such a test in fact took place in Britain in the early 1920s and involved, of all things, the building of zeppelins.

As told by Nevil Shute in his memoir, *Slide Rule*, and retold more recently by James Gilbert in *The World's Worst Aircraft*, the Vickers Aircraft Corporation, in 1923, proposed the building of a fleet of six zeppelins. The government, impressed by the zeppelin's potential as a long-range bomber and passenger liner, agreed; but meanwhile Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Government took over. MacDonald was unwilling to let capitalists profit from the scheme, so he decided to build two airships: one to be designed by Vickers (the "capitalist" zeppelin) and the other to be built by the government's Air Ministry (the "socialist" zeppelin). The group that built the better airship would then build the entire fleet.

The development of each ship took five years. The capitalist ship, the R100, was an unattractive, teardrop-shaped craft that nevertheless could make it across the Atlantic. The socialist zeppelin, the R101, was a nightmare of folly and waste: because no individual's money was being spent, nobody seemed to care how much was spent. Parts of the ship were overdesigned (such as the engine, which was a modified railroad diesel), whereas no one had performed such basic tasks as comparing total weight with estimated lift to calculate range. Worst of all, the R101 designers were under pressure: Lord Thomson, MacDonald's air minister, had resolved to make a tour of India in the R101 and insisted that the ship be made to go, whether she was ready to or not.

Thomson's grand tour was the R101's maiden voyage; she had flown as far as northern France when she crashed and burned, killing Lord Thomson and 48 of her 54 crewmen. The government decided to scrap the zeppelin project; the Vickers engineers were laid off, while the Air Ministry men continued to draw their pay. The main lesson of this final test between freedom and planning is that no man can serve two masters; in this case, no man can both satisfy a bureaucracy's appetite for pomp and paper, and meet the unyielding demands of his craft.

Frederick Butzen
Chicago, Ill.

The Brass Ring

I thought Joseph A. Rehyansky's piece on the Volunteer Armed Forces ["The Major's View," Mar. 6] was tremendous.

I am a retired Army officer (26 years active service) and have been closely connected with the Army since my retirement. I have been waiting for someone, anyone, to state the things the good Major did—overpaid officers and lower-ranking enlisted men, underpaid senior noncommissioned officers.

Now how about investigating the bloated Veterans' Administration and its "welfare" programs, as well as our allegedly needed enlistment bonus system?

Albert N. Garland
Columbus, Ga.

Cold Water

Ahem—uh, excuse me, but I thought Neal Freeman ["The Current Wisdom," Feb. 20] just warned about the coming termination of the monopoly of commercial television, to the detriment of our national psyche?

A cool drink, please. I'll be okay in a minute.

J. S. Frost
Seguin, Tex.

Did You Say Freedom-Fighter?

As the author of two rather extensive examinations of the Omega 7 exile group

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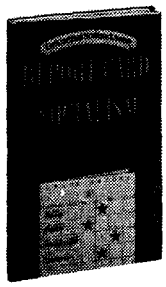

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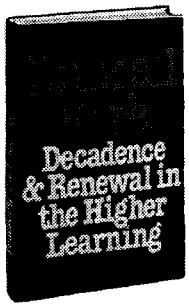

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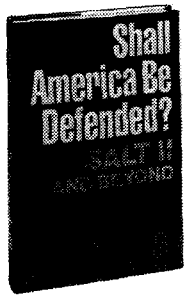

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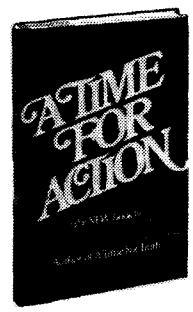

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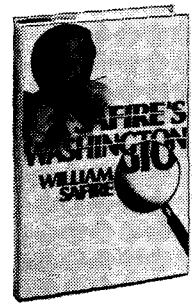

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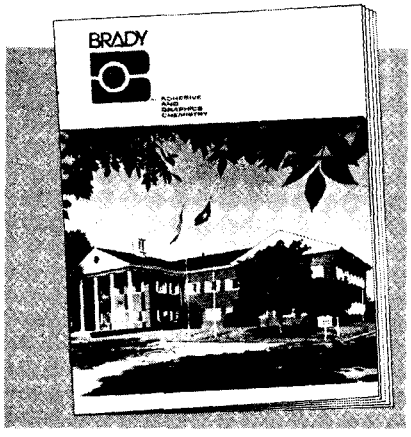

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(in *New York* magazine and the *Village Voice*), I had more than passing interest in Messrs. Maier and McColm's story on the group ["Nation in Our Midst: The Cuban Diaspora," Feb. 20].

I have no quarrels with the general accuracy of the piece, and think it was somewhat fair in its presentation of the group. Perhaps the nub of my problems with the article rests on the notion that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom-fighter. There seems to be a sliding over the fact that members of the group have been convicted as conspirators in the assassination of former Chilean ambassador Orlando Letelier, a vicious act which also took the life of a lovely young woman and American citizen, Ronni Karpen Moffitt. And, as the piece noted, the group has taken credit for the murders of Eulalio Negrín and Cuban diplomat Felix Garcia. If your reporters had spent much time in Union City, headquarters for Omega 7, they must have also picked up the common observation of residents and merchants in the town—to say nothing of local and federal law-enforcement officers who keep tabs on the group—that members of Omega 7, posing as "freedom-fighters," are really no more than street thugs.

But the bottom line remains that they are killers. By avoiding an observation on that fact, your reporters lend credence to the notion that Letelier, Moffitt, Negrín, and Garcia got what they deserved. Such an omission smacks of the old FBI tactic of blaming the victim for his own murder, a tactic that, unfortunately, NATIONAL REVIEW has embraced all too often in the Letelier case.

Jeff Stein
Washington, D.C.

Maier and McColm Reply

Since Mr. Stein accepts the accuracy and the fairness of our article (which, however, was not about Omega 7, but about the whole range of exile groups), we can move on to the central issue, which is one of political perspective. In line four of our article, Omega 7 is identified as an "exile terrorist organization," and no one reading the piece with anything even remotely resembling an open mind could interpret it as even an indirect endorsement of Omega 7 violence. In this case, we hold to the axiom so beautifully articulated by Baretta, "If you can't do the time, don't do the crime." Omega 7's tactics are not merely immoral but thoroughly stupid as well.

However, Omega 7, a group numbering no more than ten people, has become a convenient way to discredit all anti-Castro sentiment in an exile population of over one million Cubans—as Mr. Stein is well aware, having used his extensive, but inaccurate, articles in the *Voice* and *New York* for this purpose. In his *Voice* article,

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considerably more intemperate in rhetoric and reporting than his other piece, Mr. Stein cited the mysterious "fascist factor" dominating the Cuban exile mentality and suggested through lengthy innuendo and blind quoting of Cuban intelligence sources a nebulous conspiracy of the CIA, the law-enforcement agencies, and virtually every exile militant group—characterized as "right-wing" plotting against Castro. The real irony here, as Mr. Stein knows, is that most anti-Castro groups have their roots in the Cuban Left—social democrats and non-Marxist socialists who were ousted from the Revolution by the "Trujillo of the Left."

What our article has to do with Orlando Letelier remains a mystery to us, since only two paragraphs in the article are devoted to related events. To enshrine Letelier, Negrín, and Garcia in the Left's martyr hall of fame seems to us to be the height of irresponsible journalism. Certainly, the murder of Ronni Karpen Moffitt is a tragedy. But socialist realist hagiography is not our bag. We would expect *NR* readers to understand that someone claiming credit for a murder is a killer. But we also expect that journalists such as Mr. Stein, who "devoted many hours" to the recent book on the Letelier murder entitled *Assassination on Embassy Row*, would also realize that those slain were combatants in a war that has lasted over twenty years. For this reason, it is vital that the public know the activities of these men in that clandestine battle. Perhaps Mr. Stein would prefer that the next time a mob leader is slain the news about his activities be suppressed?

From Abdala

In reference to the article by Francis X. Maier and R. Bruce McColm, we wish to clarify several references made to our organization.

First of all, the article mentions that Abdala Cuban Movement views a "convulsive overthrow" of the government as unlikely. Although we do not believe in any sort of military invasion, our strategy focuses on the aid to dissident groups within the island which are forming an insurrectionary force that will eventually lead to an armed struggle and a revolutionary overthrow of the present regime. As the article states, the role of the exiles is to inform, supply, and advise, and it is the people within the island who will play the leading role. Secondly, although we view liberalization on the "Dubcek model" as a possibility, it is by no means our goal. Our goal, after the demise of the present regime, is to establish a social-democratic government which will benefit the Cuban people, providing the liberties of a democratic system (not inherent in a "Dubcek model") as well as economic and social justice. Abdala also embraces a pluralistic political system rather than the one-party rule of a "liberalized" Communist state.

Pedro M. Gonzalez
Sec. Ideo./Prop., Agrupación Abdala
New York, N.Y.

The Cancer Scare

As a lone independent researcher in the epidemiology of cancer, I enthusiastically endorse the conclusions reached by Elizabeth M. Whelan ["The Charge of the Cancer Brigade," Feb. 6]. My research has shown that there is virtually no association between urban air pollution and lung cancer (or for that matter any other type of cancer).

There are, indeed very high and significant degrees of association of cancer mortality with climatic temperature and with low solar radiation. These are, however, from the government's viewpoint, quite sterile. If climatic temperature is a factor, on whom does one serve a subpoena?

The unduly heavy emphasis in cancer research on the role of chemical carcinogens derives from governmental control of cancer research funds. Proponents of this approach ignore the fact that each new chemical carcinogen identified weakens the case for cancer prevention by their elimination. There are so many carcinogenic chemicals in the environment that

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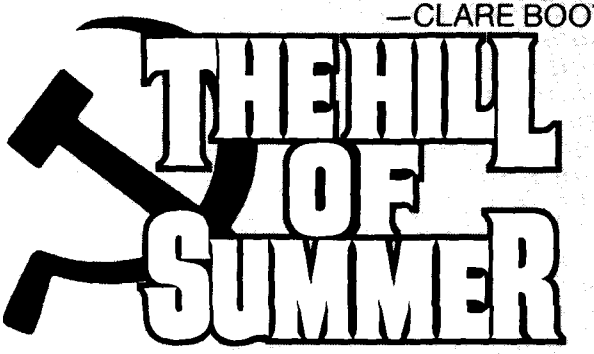

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their elimination is as impracticable as prevention of infectious diseases by elimination of bacteria. In both cases, we must look to strengthening the immune defenses of the host.

I believe that the intrusion of the government in cancer research has been a serious hindrance, setting us back perhaps thirty years or more. I wonder how medical research ever got to be a governmental function.

Shelley Krasnow
Manassas, Va.

Dr. Whelan should derive some satisfaction from the Federal Trade Commission's recent crusade against cancer insurance policies based upon the use of "misleading statistics to overemphasize cancer incidence." Such overemphasis by another federal bureau, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, is the main thrust of Dr. Whelan's thesis.

Edward Palmer, MD
Lake Oswego, Ore.

In any discussion of cancer, one must look at incidence, not just mortality statistics. Incidence of cancer is up sharply in almost all types of cancer—specifically, colon, pancreas, lung, breast, prostate, and ovary cancers. We are reaching the point where 53 million of us—one-quarter of our population—will have cancer. This sharp increase over the years cannot be explained away by the idea that people are living longer and thus more cancer would be detected, or that some people smoke. The very fact that the cancer rate in children has risen sharply should be cause for concern.

The most misleading statement in the article is this: "There isn't a single documented case of cancer or any other human illness caused by the minute pesticide residues present in foods." At the current time, there is no way to assess this—the human body doesn't send out a message stating which contaminant caused the cancer. The fact that pesticides have been harmful to so many animal species, however, does give us some clues, and some indication that they certainly have the potential for harm to the human body.

Maria Coleman, PhD
Houston, Tex.

Dr. Whelan Replies

I agree with Dr. Coleman's statement that incidence is an important index in assessing cancer trends, but two points must be made here. First, incidence figures are not as reliable as mortality figures in that cancer is not a reportable disease, and only estimates of cancer cases are available, generally based on national surveys. These survey techniques use methodologies which vary from year to year. Second, the incidence of cancer is not, as Dr. Coleman stated, "up sharply in almost all types of cancer." Lung-cancer incidence is up very sharply indeed, but we know that the environmental factor is largely one in the personal environment—inhalation of cigarette smoke. There have been some increases in the incidence of cancer of the colon, pancreas, breast, and prostate but a) these are nowhere near as dramatic as the rise in respiratory cancers; b) these increases may in large part reflect improved diagnosis; and c) there is no reason at this point to believe that any real increases that might exist are related to "chemicals" in the environment.

I stand by my statement that "there isn't a single documented case of cancer, or any other human illness, caused by the minute pesticide residues present in food."

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Dr. Coleman has presented no evidence to the contrary and is merely voicing an opinion. There is no point chasing false hopes for prevention just to assure ourselves that we are "doing something." It would be far better for us to pursue lines of prevention that have some real potential for paying off.

St. Anthony, Move Over

My lament for my misplaced jewelry in NATIONAL REVIEW ["Delectations," Nov. 28] brought in a number of letters. Since my readers took such an interest in the affair, I would like to tell them the outcome.

One of the letters was from Mr. George T. Anagnos, a vice president of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. He informed me that he was good at finding things and that, as a friend and admirer of NATIONAL REVIEW, he would like to offer his assistance in finding my lost valuables—"hidden valuables," as he put it.

I accepted, and Mr. Anagnos appeared last Saturday at 11 A.M. Harold and I were astounded. One has a certain idea of what a VP of an insurance company is like. Mr. Anagnos turned out to be a tall, extremely good-looking young man, with a charming, friendly manner. His search technique filled us with awe. Systematically, from room to room, he looked through every single object, in closets and even behind books. He did it fast and neatly and was fascinating to watch.

We had a pleasant lunch—he comes from Indiana (one of eight children), has a law degree, and is the youngest VP the company ever had. After lunch I took a nap, and was awakened with—The Box. In the last room Mr. Anagnos tried—the one where Harold keeps his files—he looked and still did not find anything. Then something told him to go back to the filing cabinet and to look again in a seldom-used drawer. Under a lot of papers he saw the red edge of the leather box. Four other people had looked through the files, including Harold, and not seen a thing.

I know George will go far and wish him the happiest of all lives. I can't believe it yet. Viva NATIONAL REVIEW!

Nika Hazelton
New York, N.Y.

Ave atque Vale

I was saddened to read ["Notes & Asides," Feb. 6] of the passing of Harry Elmlark. Harry "discovered" me over twenty years ago, and with patience and concerted effort he guided my early career in this lunatic business of cartooning, which I have been plying ever since. Harry also introduced me to *NR*, and the rest, of course, is history. Harry was a friend, a mentor, and I will miss him.

Malcolm Hancock
Great Falls, Mont.

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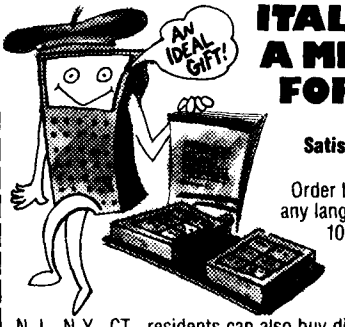

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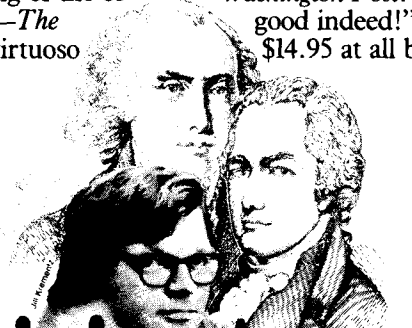

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Garry Wills

* Alan Wolfe, *Newsday*

DOUBLEDAY

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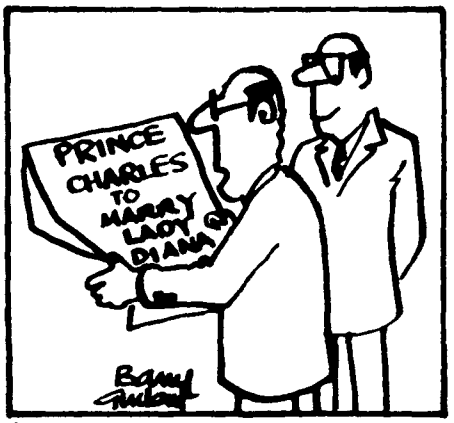
FOR THE RECORD

■ Unexpected champion: Representative **William Brodhead** (D., Mich.), of the all-important House Ways and Means Committee, has introduced a bill to reduce the present 70 per cent top tax on "unearned" income to 50 per cent—something **Reagan**'s economic aides got cold feet about when the President gave his economic speech. Brodhead has the support of a number of Democrats on the committee and of every supply-sider in town. Even more remarkable: Brodhead is chairman of the very liberal Democratic Study Group in the House. . . . Reagan's liaison with Congress is superb, say even the most obdurate Democrats. Rep. **Gerry Studds** (D., Mass.) says he's seen more Reagan people in three weeks than he saw **Carter** people in four years. . . . **Tip O'Neill** confesses he saw **Hamilton Jordan** only three times in four years, and *Washington Post* recalls that at first White House breakfast Carter gave for congressional bigwigs they got only hard rolls, juice, and coffee—and were billed for it. . . . Other surprising support: **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.** thinks Congress should give Reagan's tax cuts "a try. If it works, fine; if it doesn't, at least we've got it out of our system." . . . Meanwhile the **Republican Congressional Campaign Committee** plans a $2-million TV campaign to explain the President's economic program. . . . Which may be unnecessary: the latest **NBC News/AP** polls show 71 per cent of Americans favor lower taxes, 61 per cent favor reduced federal spending. . . . On another question: 72 per cent approve the President's more critical line toward the Soviet Union, while another 11 per cent think RR is not tough enough.

■ What's Ahead? Former Democratic National Chairman **John White** says there's "talk in the South" of another Carter presidential bid, and that Hamilton Jordan is putting together a memo on how Carter could win. . . . Pending which, Carter is working on his book and has written enough "to get acquainted with my word-processing machine." . . . If Carter doesn't run, **Fritz Mondale** will. Mondale admits he "can't understand why the Soviets in the last few years have behaved as they have. Why did they have to build up all those arms? Why did they have to go into Afghanistan? Why can't they relax just a little bit about Eastern Europe? Why do they try every door to see if it is locked?" "Maybe," he told the *Christian Science Monitor*, "we have made some mistakes with them."



Gurbutt, England Rothco

"At least the souvenir business in Britain will be booming."

■ The early book on Senate '82 shows five endangered Democrats, two Republicans. Among the Dems: **Harrison Williams** (N.J.), **George Mitchell** (Me.), **Don Riegle** (Mich.), **James Sasser** (Tenn.), **Howard Metzenbaum** (Ohio). Among the Republicans: **Lowell Weicker** (Conn.), **S. I. Hayakawa** (Calif.). . . . Weicker, who has not endeared himself to GOP loyalists in Conn., could face opposition from author **Robin Moore** (*The Green Berets*) or possibly from **Prescott Bush Jr.**, **George's** brother, Sen. Prescott Sr.'s son. (If a **Dodd** can repeat, why not a Bush?) . . . Hayakawa's would-be successors are numerous as branches on a ginkgo tree: among the Republicans, Reps. **Barry Goldwater Jr.** (now favored) and **Pete McCloskey**, who will not run again for his House seat; and Reps. **Robert Dornan** and **John Rousselot** (redistricting problems), also **Maureen Reagan** (very long shot); among Democrats: Gov. **Jerry Brown**, **Tom Hayden**, who won't run if Brown does, and —from the ego swamps—author **Gore Vidal**. They all hope 74-year-old Hayakawa will step down: he says he won't. . . . In New Jersey, the conservative Republican Coalition has asked **Jeffrey Bell**, who knocked out **Clifford Case** in the 1978 Republican primary there, to take on the endangered Harrison Williams. . . . In New York former conservative Congressman **Bruce Caputo** is eyeing Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**'s seat. A recent Market Opinion Research poll shows Moynihan running surprisingly poorly: only 34 per cent of those polled would like to have him run for re-election; 43 per cent preferred former Rep. **Elizabeth Holtzman** to Moynihan (38 per cent).

■ Good news for conservatives, appointment as U.S. Representative to Organization of American States of former Navy Sec. **William Middendorf**; to White House Office of Public Liaison, of *NR* contributor **Aram Bakshian Jr.** (arts, humanities, private foundations), and of editor (*The Right Report*, *Conservative Digest*) **Morton C. Blackwell** (veterans, fraternal organizations, Indian groups).

■ Bumper sticker appearing in the new tax-cut-conscious **Massachusetts**: "Have you hugged your businessman today?"

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THE WEEK

■ The Soviet Union is considering a harsh response to U.S. moves in El Salvador. The Kremlin may block grain shipments to the U.S. and cut back on its exports of advanced technology. Hard-liners are threatening to block vodka, Soviet soft drinks, and the new, low-slung Soviet sports car, the Georgi.

■ It wasn't the saccharine, it was the coffee.

■ The acting Catholic Archbishop of San Salvador, the Reverend Arturo Rivera y Damas, has pulled the rug out from under the United States Catholic Conference (USCC) and Archbishop James Hickey of Washington, D.C. The Salvadoran prelate declared that the Church must be neutralist in the current conflict, and that the leftist "liberationists" have lost support "because the people saw that they tended toward the conquest of power for its own sake and not toward satisfying the hopes of the people." The Archbishop also took note that the majority of refugees are fleeing from the guerrillas, not the government. The USCC had publicly remonstrated with the Reagan Administration for its support of Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte's government, much to the chagrin and vexation of devout Catholics in the Reagan Administration, notably Alexander Haig (his brother is a Jesuit); James Buckley, Under Secretary for Security Affairs and Technology; and Roger Fontaine, the National Security Council's Latin America expert. This action by the USCC is a 1980s replay of its denunciation of U.S. involvement in Vietnam in the early Seventies, calling it "immoral." The South Vietnamese Council of Catholic Bishops rapped that USCC statement at the time, saying that the U.S. role in Vietnam was both moral and honorable. So here we are again watching the USCC conduct its self-education in public.

■ On the other hand, all the rats in the coffee experiment recovered from their hangovers.

■ Stephen Judy has been executed, and if the killer of a young mother and her three small children doesn't deserve death, then the word "deserve" is empty. For whatever small credit he may be entitled to, Judy admitted as much. But what of those who stood outside the prison singing "We Shall Overcome"? Apart from a moral exhibitionism that gratifies itself with ostentatious compassion toward the freakish extremities of humanity, what have they shown the world of normal people? None of them was on hand to sing for Judy's victims; and it may be that Judy himself died nearer to grace than they will.

■ Industry spokesmen downplayed the effect of the announced link between coffee use and pancreatic cancer. "It's just a pain in the pancreas," said one.

■ Last May, the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) produced a three-hour documentary starring Philip Agee, the former CIA agent whose self-professed mission is to destroy the CIA by, among other things, publicly identifying every agent he can. The show was billed as "the story of thirty years of CIA subversion, murder, bribery, and torture as told by an insider." After that, you might have thought that the federally funded PBS would be keeping a low profile. But, well, no, PBS then produced another "documentary" entitled *El Salvador: Another Vietnam?* The airing of this show just happened to coincide with the January 22 demonstrations against U.S. intervention in Mexico City, Berkeley, New York, San Francisco, and elsewhere, which, in turn, just happened to coincide with the "final offensive" of the Salvadoran guerrillas launched on January 10. Funds to produce the show were taken from the $1-million "Special Events Fund" of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB), according to an Accuracy in Media report. These funds are supposed to be used to cover fast-breaking news events, when there isn't time to obtain advance CPB approval; using them allowed PBS to circumvent CPB approval and objectivity requirements. We think we know of a nifty way to trim the budget.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW has learned that the Food and Drug Administration is sitting on a secret scientific study establishing that being forced to live in a box in a laboratory causes cancer in rats.

■ The President's trip to Canada was, despite political

Economics Lesson

What got the Twenties roaring?
  It's true the songs were slicker,
The jokes were low, the hemlines, high,
  And bathtub liquor, quicker.
Saloons were more exciting;
  Gals fell for Feds and felons,
But tax cuts made the decade roar,
  And they were Andrew Mellon's.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The four wheels (if you will) of Ronald Reagan's economic vehicle —tax cuts, spending cuts, deregulation, and monetary tightening—may actually rotate before long, it appears, thus accomplishing what can only be described as a political miracle. The Federal Reserve Board is certainly giving total support to the President's program of monetary stringency. Deregulation will get its first critical test with the Clean Air Act amendment later this year, and prospects that a win for rationality will be scored now appear good. As for spending cuts, Reagan will almost certainly get his $48 billion, and even more, if adjustments in cost-of-living-index calculations are made, which, at this juncture, seems quite likely. Many conservatives are insisting on even deeper economies than the President, including Democrats. Some forty conservative House Democrats visited with Reagan and urged that he pare closer to the bone. "The people in my party who are talking about a $25-billion to $30-billion cut are far from the mark," says Texas Democrat Phil Gramm. "Any package that small would be rejected by conservative Democrats and by the House."

The tax component of the Reagan plan is the least predictable of the four essentials. The cut entails two major features: 1) business depreciation reform, and 2) the three-year, 10-percent reduction in personal income tax (Kemp-Roth). Already there is consensus as to the former, and in both chambers. Kemp-Roth is another story. A modification of K-R appears likely, not a jettisoning.

■ Tip O'Neill's strategy is a murky, Celtic brew. Broadly, he will probably opt to control the political damage to the Democrats from the Reagan tax vehicle rather than try to sabotage the vehicle, since Tip is short on the requisite power to do the latter. He will control the damage by working to rechannel the political credit for the vast economic revolution now gathering force. The principle is an old one: if you can't beat them, join them. Seize their flag, reverse field, and get to the top of the mountain first.

Here's how it works: Dan Rostenkowski, the wily Chicago Democrat who now chairs Ways and Means, puts into *one* tax bill enough investment/savings incentives and rate reductions to woo conservatives, enough Social Security offsets to keep the liberals on the reservation, and all the motherhood items that Reagan wants in a second tax bill, including the marriage penalty, double taxation of dividends, corporate capital gains, and charitable contributions. Then you Christmas-tree it up a bit, vote it through, and send it over to the pragmatic Ronald Reagan to sign.

One bill—a big motherhood enchilada —with strong Democrat imprint. This co-opts Reagan's thunder, makes the Democrats look large-spirited, and also denies the President any credit that would attach to a second bill, a very visibly itemized glory list. The long and the short of it? Reagan ought to get from the Congress by midsummer an economic vehicle that moves, with two sturdy back wheels—monetary stringency and deregulation—and a slightly wobbly front end—95 per cent of his spending cuts and 85 per cent of his tax cuts. Not bad for openers. *Videbimus.*

■ Archimedes once said that if he had a lever big enough, he could move the world. Reagan has produced a colossal lever, and he is proceeding to move the Congress and, indeed, the electorate. Our collective psyche, with its going wisdom of how wealth is produced, and how wealth should be distributed, is being lobotomized right before our eyes. We are being moved from a culture that had offered incentives to consume, to be parasitic, to live off wealth created by others—to a culture that will soon give incentives to produce, to be enterprising, to endure risk, and to act with ingenuity. After a decade of business disincentives and waning productivity, we are being levered into the recognition that producers, alas, also need incentives and encouragement.

Philosophically, this is as deep and wide a redirecting of collective thought as has occurred ever in the Republic, including 1932 when the nation moved away from the view that the Federal Government was to remain aloof from economic and social crises, following rather than leading. Or Woodrow Wilson's first term when he revamped the monetary system, lowered tariffs, and implemented an income tax.

It is clear that the Congress (and the nation) do not yet perceive the magnitude of the change now taking place. It is a sea change, but the Congress contents itself to respond to where the votes seem to lie, which is admittedly what it is paid to do, and, while no legislator resists all the fresh supply-side concepts, there is much backing and filling. What we are watching, and experiencing within ourselves, is how a deeply ingrained habit of looking at reality can be radically altered. The point of view has shifted from how to help the consumer to how to help the producer. Congress affords a compelling laboratory microcosm in which to observe the resistances slowly melt, and the new mode of apprehending reality solidify.

—CATO

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tensions in Ottawa and the play given Canadian leftists by the American press, a success. It was largely a personal success, attributable to a temperament that enabled Reagan to respond to demonstrators, nervous officials, and a critical press with total unflappability.

■ A tough kid from Yakima, Washington now has a good chance to win the World Cup in skiing, the first American in history to do so. Phil Mahre, 23, smashed his ankle in 1979, but took a silver medal at Lake Placid in 1980, despite the presence in his ankle of a metal plate and seven screws. This year, he trails the Swede Ingemar Stenmark by a few World Cup points—but Stenmark is physically afraid to race the hazardous downhill event, which involves speeds up to 70 mph. Mahre is not afraid. Ingemar Stenmark is routinely described by the media as the "silent Swede." Most people who have dealt with him would settle for that, quitting while they're ahead.

■ Next on the agenda: a study of Irish coffee and cancer of the liver.

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■ The joke going around Washington after the Reagan economic projections were released was that the highest-ranking woman in the Administration is "Bureau of the Budget Supply-Sider Rosey Scenario." That surprised us. We'd thought it was George's wife, Lilly Gilder.

Tony and the Buzz

"What future possibility could be more terrible than the reality of what is happening to Cambodia now?" asked Anthony Lewis in March 1975. Lewis, as Peter Rodman reminds us in the current *American Spectator*, was then demanding that American aid to the Lon Nol government be cut off. A few weeks later, when aid had stopped and Phnom Penh had fallen, Lewis damned the "cultural arrogance" of Americans who condemned the brutal forced march of three million people out of the city. The Khmer Rouge, he argued, were trying to Build a New Society, on good progressive principles.

Did Lewis and his peers express remorse, retrospectively, when it came to light that two million citizens of the New Society had been murdered? No. They protested the way they usually protest Communist atrocities, i.e., too late. And thanks to William Shawcross, they even found a way to blame Nixon and Kissinger for the slaughter.

Lewis is, par excellence, the liberal drone in what *NR* editor Joe Sobran and contributor Tom Bethell have taken to calling the world socialist Hive, in which various bees do different things but never sting one another. Liberals, leftists, socialists, Communists buzz hither and yon, each performing independent functions (the conspiratorial exceptions are rather few). But their overall effect vectors out in one direction. Each kind of bee has its own set of signals for communication within and without the Hive. Lewis's are so modulated as to sound unrelated to the raucous vituperation of *Pravda*; he even seems to genuinely dislike the Soviet Union itself. *But not for being socialist*. The Hive may criticize the Soviets, but never for the suppression of private economic initiative and purpose. And seldom in such a way as to inhibit Soviet action globally.

Thus the Hive was loudly assuring us, only months ago, that the Soviet Union was "an essentially conservative superpower" that had "lost the old revolutionary fervor" and acquired "a common interest with the United States in maintaining world peace." Translation: don't worry about the Soviets, and especially don't *do* anything about them. When the Soviets rudely invaded Afghanistan, the Hive quickly deplored it, then warned us not to "overreact." There were even buzzings about how "surrounded" the Soviets must feel, how "abrasive" Zbigniew Brzezinski was, how the Senate had jettisoned detente by backing away from SALT II.

The principle here is not that the Soviet Union must be defended, but that the threat it poses must be minimized. When Soviet intentions are exposed, the Hive deftly changes the subject to the irrelevance of those intentions. "Liberation struggles" can always count on Hive backing. The Hive will insist every time that Soviet backing is unproved or, once proved, incidental to the essentially local nature of the conflict. When reporter Claire Sterling recently detailed Soviet support for international terrorism, the *Washington Post Magazine* felt obliged to accompany its excerpt from her book with a good Hivish rebuttal by Blaine Harden, full of words like "naïve" and "simple" and "conspiracy theory." And of course this sort of thing: "The causes of terrorism are inextricably bound to the indigenous economic, racial, and political currents running through the countries where terrorists strike."

Hive clichés of this kind serve short-term functions. Once exploded, they evaporate. The Hive never reconsiders; it merely moves on to the next attack, with new perishable propaganda lines.

Tony Lewis has continued to buzz on for Marxist revolutions, all of which embody the Legitimate Aspirations of the People. He viciously attacked Ian Smith for calling Robert Mugabe a "Marxist terrorist." Not that Lewis denies it; Mugabe himself didn't *deny* it. But the Hive rejects any tone of opprobrium in discussing the Left. Today Zimbabwe's state-run TV refers to "Comrade Mugabe," a form of address "white viewers," as Lewis notes with curious condescension, find "hard to take." (Whites have this hangup about Marxism.) As for terrorism, Lewis doesn't exactly deny the facts. He merely notes that it is now safe to drive outside Salisbury, and implies that this is to Mugabe's credit. (The rather obvious fact is that the terrorists now run the government *in* Salisbury and have no motive to kill civilians at random, but Lewis doesn't put it that way.)

The operative principle is this: *Always help socialism: always attack the alternatives.*

Concerning El Salvador the Hive is wholly consistent. The unrest there, buzzes Lewis, "is not an external Communist invention." (Shades of Herbert Matthews, who used to buzz in the *New York Times* that Fidel Castro was "democratic, therefore anti-Communist.") No, the Hive always finds revolutionary forces indigenous and representative: they always embody the people's ultimate Legitimate Aspiration, socialism.

The unity of the Hive comes not from collusion but from the deeply shared belief that all men are

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created socialist, that they will rise up against all inferior regimes when they become aware of the socialist prospect, that socialism is destiny. It follows that the role of the U.S. must not be to oppose "change"—the ongoing global metamorphosis to socialism—but to support it, even to get in step by sponsoring "change" at home. Those who resist change abroad —in Vietnam one year, Rhodesia the next, Nicaragua the next—are to blame for any violence. Nixon and Kissinger and Lon Nol for Cambodia, Ian Smith for the slaughter in Rhodesia, the right wing in El Salvador. The U.S. must never again make the mistake of supporting history's losers. (This is the inexhaustible Lesson of Vietnam.)

Socialism is less a conspiracy than a cosmology. Its assumptions underlie the columns of Tony Lewis in the *Times* as surely as they animate the diatribes of *Pravda*.

The Lefever Sting

The Left will be trying very, very hard to block the confirmation of Ernest Lefever as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights. "Ultraconservative May Get Human Rights Post at State," murmured a *Washington Post* headline, followed by a story packed with "ultraconservative" this and "rightist" that. Democrats, columnists, groups like the Ad Hoc Committee of the Human Rights Community (whatever that is), and *Izvestia* have joined the howl: even the Dutch Communist daily has charged Lefever with financial shadiness.

As usual, the Hive knows an enemy when it sees one. Lefever is skeptical of the whole idea of human rights as a basis for foreign policy, and nobody who watched the Carter Administration sundering alliances with it will have to ask why.

Lefever set forth his views in a 1978 essay in *Policy Review*: "The human-rights activists tend to underestimate the totalitarian threat to the West and the totalitarian temptation in the Third World. They neglect or trivialize the fundamental political and moral struggle of our time—the protracted conflict between forces of total government based on coercion and the proponents of limited government based on popular consent and humane law. In their preoccupation with the minor abridgement of certain rights in authoritarian states, they often overlook the massive threat to the liberty of millions [posed by totalitarian states]." He offered his blunt conclusion that "there is little the U.S. Government can or should do to advance human rights." Not nothing, mind you: but little.

The field for comprehensive human-rights activity is in fact far too broad to be a useful concern of foreign policy. The rights of women in the Arab world, for instance: how are we to promote them? By boycotting Arab oil? Any human-rights policy is bound to be selective. So far it has been selective on the wrong principles. The U.S. should recognize its natural affinity for free societies, where human rights flourish not because of kind rulers but because cultural conditions and political institutions prevent the exercise of arbitrary power. And until unbridled state power, even when principled, is acknowledged to be a violation of human liberty, it will be hard to discuss the whole subject intelligibly.

The Hive Tries Another Sting

The Reagan Administration budget is currently the target of the political opposition's fire, and, as usual, the most zealous marksmen come from the ranks of the media.

The technique is familiar. A reporter selects a program destined for the chopping-block. The camera crew scouts up a victim, preferably black, preferably female. Footage of victim, of her aged mother. Capsule of Administration arguments, briskly and coldly presented. Final shots of victim, doing her household chores. "For *x* years, the Z Program has given people like her a measure of comfort and dignity. Now, she says, she doesn't know what she is going to do." Pause, two beats. "This is Mary Concern." Pause, one beat. "Washington, D.C." No shots of taxpayers. No suggestion of other possible priorities. No hint that inflation, for instance, hurts everyone.

There are signs that the technique has been overplayed. The moral undeniability of these appeals in behalf of victims, real or alleged, always depended on the assumption that the government, drawing on a bottomless largesse, could indeed satisfy all claims. It was the discovery of assorted tax rebels, as early as Proposition 13 in 1978, that the suppliers of that largesse have grown restive. Their stirrings have opened cracks within the Democratic Party itself. "Speaker Tip O'Neill," James Reston recently reported, "doesn't have the votes in the House. About forty conservative Democrats, led by G. V. (Sonny) Montgomery of Mississippi and Charles W. Stenholm of Texas, indicated to the President at a breakfast on March 5 that they favored the Administration's program.

"In short," Reston concluded, "like most parties that have suffered a startling defeat, the Democrats are divided and disorganized. Lacking a program that can unify them in Congress and in state governorships, the most they were able to do at their party caucus this week was to try to agree on a few provisions of the Reagan program they could all oppose, but even the decision on this limited objective was postponed until later in the month."

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GUEST EDITORIAL

Religious Hive

On the 39th anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor—December 7, 1980—Riverside Church in New York City hosted its third annual "Evening for Peace." The evening had at least one similarity with what happened on December 7, 1941: it was a carefully plotted attack on the United States; and one dissimilarity: it was no surprise.

Ever since William Sloane Coffin became its senior minister, Riverside Church has been preaching a gospel of unremitting anti-Americanism. To assist him in his mission, shortly after his arrival Coffin sought out Cora Weiss to serve as director of the Church's disarmament program, no doubt hoping that she would bring the same energy to her work at Riverside as she did to her work on behalf of the North Vietnamese. Judging by the way she ran the "Evening for Peace," she most assuredly has.

After a few opening remarks by Mrs. Weiss—"Did the United States," she wondered, "slip in a team to murder the nuns in El Salvador?"—she gave the floor to Olof Palme, former prime minister of Sweden and currently leader of the Socialist International. Palme's sermon was a faithful echo of the platitudes of disarmament usually heard at Riverside: the equivalent of one and one-quarter million Hiroshima bombs exist today; world tension is so great that a nuclear first-strike is becoming necessary; if the public were made aware of the risks involved it would overwhelmingly insist on an end to the arms race.

Following Palme there was a poetry reading, then a few words from Studs Terkel, until finally Dr. Coffin, the high priest of the American disarmament movement, addressed the gathering. Coffin called them a prophetic minority, a band of war abolitionists, and urged those who were not eligible for the draft to refuse to pay part of their income tax. As is his custom, Coffin chose his opponents carefully, directing all his ire at the U.S. and "emotional anti-Cs" (which seems to include all anti-Cs). In the best traditions of the clergy, he concluded his speech with a pitch for money: "We are not a rich church. We have to raise all the money for the disarmament program." Unlike most clergymen, however, Coffin has friends in high places who make the fundraising a little easier. The ultra-left Institute for Policy Studies in Washington is an active supporter of Riverside's disarmament program. Coincidentally, the head of the Institute for Policy Studies is Peter Weiss, husband of Cora.

But not all of the Riverside Church is in sympathy with Dr. Coffin and his program. On January 18, the Riverside Men's Class, an organization founded in 1894 by Charles Evans Hughes, devoted its weekly forum to a lecture on the Institute for Policy Studies by Dr. Rael Jean Isaac, author of a devastating profile of IPS that has reportedly cost it thousands of dollars in financial support.

Dr. Isaac's talk was as powerful as her article. Referring occasionally to a huge chart of IPS and its far-flung web, she coolly described the organization's operations, noting its many satellites, its uncanny knack for getting press coverage, its programs for congressmen and their staffs, and its attacks on any organization, military or civilian, engaged in defending America.

After Dr. Isaac finished speaking, the counterattack began, led by Peter Weiss. Unlike the Riverside disarmament program, the sponsors of the Men's Class allow all sides to be heard.

Footnote: On March 1, CBS-TV broadcast, nationwide, a thirty-minute segment from Riverside's "Evening for Peace." Dr. Isaac must not have been surprised.

—EDWARD HASKELL

In view of these political realities, the media offensive against the Reagan initiatives has a knee-jerk character, a twitch response to old political emotions. Has the political Right, over the years, been incorrect in assuming that media people are, in some sense, intelligent?

Buzzing in the Hive

All of a sudden, naturally, there's a lot of media action on El Salvador. It is fascinating to watch.

Flora Lewis is the principal *New York Times* correspondent on foreign affairs. Recently she found herself performing as the conduit for a spurious "inside" document attacking Reagan policy in El Salvador. Her column appeared on March 6. It drew heavily on a paper supposedly drawn up by people from the National Security Council, the State and Defense Departments, and the CIA. It turned out to be phony.

The anonymous paper, charging that information regarding U.S. military involvement had been suppressed and calling for "a political solution" to the civil war in El Salvador, was mailed to government

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officials, journalists, foreign-policy experts, and congressional offices last fall. It was designed to look like a "dissent" paper, that is, one of the papers that officials in foreign posts are allowed to submit when they disagree with the policy or the reporting of events in their areas. These are, however, signed, and the El Salvador paper was not. It was simply headed: "To Dissent Channel, from ESCATF/D -3." The letters were taken to mean: El Salvador Central American Task Force, draft three. There is no such task force.

According to Lawrence Birns, Director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs (COHA), which mailed a four-page summation of the paper to one thousand persons, the Socialist International's offer to act as mediator to effect a "political solution" in El Salvador is "largely based on the inspiration" of the spurious document. Birns says he received the document from Congressman Ronald V. Dellums's (D., Calif.) office.

The paper is also behind Pierre Schori's recent plugs for a political solution, according to Birns. Schori, foreign spokesman for Sweden's Social Democratic Party, writes in a February 28 piece on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*: "We believe that it is unrealistic to exclude the guerrilla groups from a solution. They have a substantial following. The solution must, however, be political, not military. . . . Why not give peace a chance?"

The leftist guerrillas in El Salvador have received $100 million in aid from Socialist International parties since December 1979, Birns said. A "political solution" was not suggested until the guerrilla offensive launched in January failed.

Flora Lewis said approvingly in her column that the authors' key point in the paper was that a "political solution" must be reached. Which brings us to another point. Who *are* the authors? Well, Lawrence Birns thinks three people wrote the paper. Someone in the CIA, a congressional staffer, and someone in the State Department, or possibly someone who recently left the State Department.

Next month, April 30, we can celebrate the sixth anniversary of the triumph of the "political solution" in Vietnam. Saigon fell to Communist armor on April 30, 1975.

The Party's Over

Milk price supports are slipping;
  Food stamps are on the wane.
The CETA types are full of gripes
  And Labor sounds profane.
Amtrak is catatonic.
  Workfare may come. (God bless!)
What utter bliss if he'd dismiss
  One-third of IRS.

W. H. VON DREELE

Euer Kampf

The *Boston Globe* recently ran a four-part series on El Salvador's revolutionaries, describing their conduct and recording their opinions. Would that Herbert Matthews had done the same.

"'We want to form a society that will be more radical than Cuba,' said Neto, a guerrilla commander who has been fighting the government in Chalatenango for the last seven years." The guerrillas simultaneously "admire the two-year-old Nicaraguan revolution," and dismiss it as a middle-class affair. "By contrast, the insurgents insist that theirs is a proletarian revolution dedicated both to the overthrow of the present Salvadoran regime and to forging a new society based strictly on Marxist-Leninist principles."

These principles impinge on every facet of daily life. Recruits receive a 15-day course in arms, tactics, and politics. The politics is simple: "Their real enemy is American imperialism, their battle is a class struggle, and their cause will triumph." "There was no time for frivolity—even their parties consisted solely of the singing of revolutionary songs. . . . 'If a couple wants to get married,' said Fernando [another leader], 'they first have to talk with the head of the guerrilla camp. . . . There is no machismo here. Women are trained to fight alongside the men.' However, married couples can expect to be separated. 'We have to go wherever the party decides we can be of most use.'" Though many of the leaders, according to the *Globe*, are atheists, they envision a major role for the Catholic Church "in bringing about change in the society." Maryknollers please copy.

The guerrillas in the field were wary of discussing foreign assistance. "Yet," the *Globe* reported, "a guerrilla who used to work with Fernando in the smuggling of weapons into El Salvador said the Salvadoran guerrillas have a permanent commission in Nicaragua overseeing the smuggling of weapons from that country to here. He also said that there have been Cuban advisors in the province of Morazán and that Vietnamese advisors have made several trips. 'It is possible,' Fernando said with a smile, 'that our people who were trained in Cuba—and there is no denying that many of our people have been trained in Cuba—were mistaken for Cubans when they came back to El Salvador.'"

And once the revolution succeeds? Neto again: "We have to help all of the oppressed and exploited people of Latin America. After we triumph here we will go to Guatemala and offer our proletarian brothers the benefit of our experience. Eventually we will fight

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"And now, from the same wonderful people who brought you the boat people and Cambodia . . ."

in Mexico." A former university student added this gloss: "Once all of the Third World countries have had their revolutions and withhold their natural resources from the United States, the capitalist system in the United States will collapse."

There you have it in a nutshell: Cuban advisors, Maoist strategy, Leninist principles, Jonestown lifestyle. If they win, William Shawcross can write a book blaming their excesses on us.

TMI + 2

Since this issue marks the second anniversary of the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant in Middletown, Pennsylvania, we looked through our files to refresh our memories. RACE WITH NUCLEAR DISASTER (headline, *New York Post*). NUKE CLOUD SPREADING (headline, *New York Post*). 1,200 FLEE AS U.S. WARNS OF ATOMIC FUEL MELTDOWN (headline, *Chicago Tribune*). U.S. AIDES SEE A RISK OF MELTDOWN AT PENNSYLVANIA NUCLEAR PLANT (headline, *New York Times*). 'MELTDOWN' HORROR POSSIBLE (headline, *Dallas Morning News*). A-PLANT MELTDOWN FEARED (headline, *Milwaukee Sentinel*). "The lesson was plain: when atomic fission is brought in, the human future is driven out" (*The New Yorker*). "I'm surprised the President's advisors allowed him [to visit the plant]. PRESIDENT CONTAMINATED would have been an unfortunate headline . . . though the sight of him arguing the SALT case with hair and teeth dropping out from radioactive poisoning would conceivably have helped the cause of detente, and world peace in general" (Alexander Cockburn, chief guttersnipe for the *Village Voice*).

Gosh. We now know, of course, that the dreaded hydrogen bubble was not to be dreaded ("No such explosion inside the reactor vessel was possible at any time"); that fears of a meltdown were equally exaggerated (the "containment would not be violated, i.e., opened to the environment, by . . . the action of molten fuel"); that "essentially all of the radioactive iodine from the fuel in the accident was retained in the water in the primary system, the containment building, and the auxiliary building . . . No radioactive cesium, strontium, barium, or lanthanum has been detected in the environment"; that weak-legged calves reported in the Harrisburg area turned out to be suffering from vitamin deficiencies, and that infertile she-goats, their wombs allegedly blasted by atomic death-rays, became fertile when supplied with a new buck.

We know these things, provided we have read the Technical Staff Analysis Report to the Kemeny Commission, or the Investigations of Reported Plant and Animal Health Effects in the TMI area, from which these quotations and facts were taken. It hasn't been easy. No banner headlines greeted their appearance, no crafted *pensées* in *The New Yorker*. Alexander Cockburn has shifted to the Communization of El Salvador. The press's coverage of TMI, in fact, resembles nothing so much as its coverage of the Tet Offensive—an important story misconceived, amplified a hundred times, lodged in the public mind, and then abandoned.

No nuclear plants have been ordered in the United States since, a lassitude almost unique in the industrialized world. Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, France, Finland, Taiwan, Japan, and Great Britain all derive a larger percentage of their electricity from nuclear power than the United States. France alone started up five new reactors in 1980, and announced plans to have two new breeder reactors by 1985. The Soviets

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started up a breeder reactor in Beloyarsk, the largest in the world.

Oh, yes. One more clipping from the files. "The major health effect of the accident was found to be mental stress" (Kemeny Report, "Overview").

God and Man Returns

Almost thirty years ago, *God and Man at Yale* urged Yale alumni to pay closer attention to what was happening at their alma mater, and to do something about it. The advice seems to be taking hold at Dartmouth, where a full-scale conservative rebellion is under way.

Last year, for the first time in the college's history, a candidate for trustee, nominated by petition, defeated the official candidate, and did so by a landslide. The petition candidate, a La Jolla surgeon named John Steel, ran as an avowed conservative. At about the same time, Dartmouth undergraduates launched a sprightly conservative weekly, the *Dartmouth Review*. College officials tried everything they could think of to block both Steel and the *Review*, but failed.

This spring, two more conservative trustee candidates are challenging the official ones, and panic appears to be setting in. T. Coleman Andrews, an economist and a White House aide under President Ford, and Malcolm Beard, a successful businessman and former football star, are running as flat-out conservatives. Anticipating such a challenge, college officials promulgated a set of election "guidelines" intended to discourage "campaigning," i.e., discussion of the issues, and have demanded that the students at the *Dartmouth Review* keep their cotton-picking hands off the election.

To which the attorney for the students replied: "I understand it is the [Alumni] Association's view that the democratic rough-and-tumble of free elections and free expression is inconsistent with the traditions of Dartmouth College. I am unaware of the repressive traditions which you claim to uphold, but, I can assure you, my advice to the *Dartmouth Review* is that they should fully exercise their rights of free speech to support whomsoever they choose, regardless of pressure from the Dartmouth administration or the executive committee of the Alumni Association. . . . Apparently you have serious doubts about the ability of Dartmouth alumni to sort through information about the various candidates and decide on their own who should be a Dartmouth trustee."

Over the years, a multitude of studies has shown that college students, especially at the elite schools, tend to move to the left as a result of their undergraduate experience. As it happens, they absorb not so much fact and analysis but rather a set of "acceptable" attitudes. But a reverse trend may now be setting in at Dartmouth, in the heart of the Ivy League. Stay tuned.

Trouble at the Observatory

Like quasars galaxies away
Becoming dimmer every day,
Kemp-Roth recedes into the gloom
Of every Senate hearing room.
Though Dole and Baker say they hope
To work the giant telescope,
Their picture-taking's still a blur.
Please tell the chief astronomer.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As you can see from the two enclosed clippings, we have something in common and the word is spinach. We are probably the only two active writers who would even think of ending an article with the word spinach. Of course, where you have only stooped to this gimmick but once, as far as I know, the fact is I have ended 50 per cent of my articles with the word spinach. It is this statistic which I wish to discuss with you. Actually, what I have is a warning for you.

When I wrote the enclosed article, I had the world on a string, sitting on a rainbow. Had that string tied round my finger. In the five years since its publication in the *Los Angeles Times*, I have had but one other article published. There are, possibly, many reasons for this, but I have a suspicion it has something to do with the word spinach. I did not like spinach as a kid and do not now as an adult. Judging from the context in which you use the word, there is also no love lost between you and the gritty, green stuff. But beware. The stuff strikes back. In short, spinach is a bad luck word and I think you would be wise to not use it anymore; at least not in so dramatic a position as the last word of an article. I don't think spinach should ever be the last word. It should be stuck in the middle somewhere as one would hide it in, say, lasagna. But never call it to anyone's attention by making it the final word. I can't remember ever making spinach the final bite—not the sort of taste one wishes to carry with him into the living room.

Aside from the use (misuse) of this word, I do, as a

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general rule, enjoy your column; although, also, as a general rule, I don't know what the hell you are talking about. But it always has a scholarly tone to it which makes one feel everything will be all right in the world if we can all just get our term papers in on time. You know what I mean? I could never get my term papers in on time. I bet you always did.

I've got to run now. Good luck and stay out of the spinach patch.

Sincerely yours,
Phil Terrana
Virginia Beach, Va.

Dear Mr. Terrana: For a response like yours, I'd go every time with spinach. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently someone brought to our attention a letter published in NATIONAL REVIEW in your "Notes & Asides" column. The letter had as its signer, "Sister Veronica McRooney." As you will see from my own signature and from the above letterhead, I have both some personal and community reasons for concern due to this letter.

For several years now a person has been writing various unpleasant letters to various publications and to individual people as well, using the name of Sr. Veronica McRooney and, among several other sets of initials belonging to an assortment of religious communities, the title of our congregation. And since the only group clearly spelled out there is ours, and the name is Veronica, I have frequently been on the receiving end of some very hurtful comments. The sender of the letters makes enough sense to upset people and to do this in a very direct and personal manner. Most do not seem to realize that this string of letters after her name is more than any religious deserves! In the letter sent to your magazine she mentions the "holy nuns"; well, all of us know ourselves better than to refer to ourselves in anything remotely close to that.

To stem some of this letter writing I have called the Archdiocesan Office, and written to all who have been offended by the letters . . . the letters that I am aware of. I am sorry that now you too have been involved.

If you think a letter to counter that of McRooney would do any good, perhaps you would be kind enough to print one. Otherwise please be sure that we sisters do not feel such heartfelt concern about your hair, but we will keep up the prayers! (I enjoyed your response.)

Sister Veronica Blake, SMR
Sisters of Mary Reparatrix
New York, N.Y.

"Who is the *real* Ronald Reagan? Can he keep his campaign promises? Will he achieve his economic goals? Does he color his hair? Tune in tonight at seven."

■ Memo to: WFB
From: EAC

All of the extra copies of the March 20, 1981 issue, including those we keep for next year's Bound Volumes, were left outside our locked offices on Monday night, and by Tuesday morning they had disappeared. To go back to the plant and print the extra three or four hundred we need would be prohibitively expensive, so would you apprise our readers of our predicament and ask those who normally toss out their copies after reading them, instead to send them to us collect, care of Ed Capano.

■ Dear Bill:

From "On the Right," April 16-17:

"Question: Why is it that 'Sam'—let us call him—scores well enough on multiple-choice verbal tests to get into Harvard but, having arrived there, it soon transpires that Sam cannot write a lucid, straightforward sentence."

Subsidiary questions: 1) What is the subject of the above sentence? 2) If "Sam," then how did "it" insinuate itself? 3) What, for that matter, "arrived there"? "It"? 4) What punctuation mark should terminate this chaos?

New question: Why is it that "Bill"—let us call him—utters lucid, straightforward sentences all day long, is even thought to dream in them, but on this of all occasions undergoes a jamming of syntactic gears to read which is like standing in the Iranian desert and watching the rescue helicopter fail? Is it—I note "Harvard"—perhaps a Yaleman's venture in imitative form?

As ever,
Hugh [Kenner]
Baltimore, Md.

—WFB

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Gold: $200 or $2000?

Where are silver and gold prices headed next? Will you see gold plunge to $200 — or soar to $2000 an ounce?

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Sometimes we're bullish; sometimes we're bearish. Sometimes we're right; and sometimes we're wrong. But we're always impartial and fiercely independent — and our readers appreciate it.

One reader wrote in to say:

"I hereby nominate you for 'champion of the world' gold prognosticator."
—S. L., Woodmere, NY

And other subscriber comments include:

"You advised me last year to sit on my silver and I did. Now, it is worth $100,000 more!" *—F. R., Isle, MN*

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—R. S., Ontario, CN

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—R. H. M., King of Prussia, PA

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"The Stage is Set For the Big Runup."
– Silver & Gold Report, May 1979

In the spring of 1979, numerous investment services that focus on silver and gold advised selling — and even going short. They noted the 17% rise in gold from $225 an ounce at the beginning of the year to $265 in late May. They also noted the "spectacular" 43% rise in silver from $6.00 to $8.60 an ounce in the same time period. They concluded that the rises in silver and gold were over for the year.

Frankly, we at the **Silver & Gold Report** were tempted to follow the herd and advise profit-taking. Since our first major investment recommendation issue in late July 1977: "Now Is the Time to Buy," silver had soared 91% and gold 89%. Yet, we advised that much higher prices were ahead. We recommended that our subscribers hold their positions and even add to them on downswings — and events bore us out with a vengeance when prices skyrocketed.

Then, early in December, with silver above $18.00 and gold above $425 an ounce, we were again tempted to advise profit-taking. After all, our subscribers who had followed our advice were already giddy with profits. Yet, we advised that the dramatic price rises were not over yet and headlined: "If There Was Ever a Time to Own Silver & Gold — This Is It." Soon after, silver almost tripled to top $50 an ounce and gold doubled to top $850 an ounce.

Following this unprecedented runup, silver and gold prices started back down again. Frankly, we missed the peak. But not by much. Shortly before, in our Early January 1980 issue, we interviewed silver expert Scott Dial, who warned: "Every previous big move in silver has been followed by a 40% – 60% correction. No market has ever gone straight up and stayed there."

And shortly after the peak, with silver at $33 an ounce and gold at $633 an ounce, we again warned our readers: "The market is now very uncertain and is strictly a riverboat gambler's game." As you probably know, the bottom fell out of the silver market shortly afterwards. And gold sank below the $500 mark.

Following this dramatic downturn, silver and gold prices rebounded slightly — with gold now trading in the low $600's and silver around $15 an ounce.

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The Current WISDOM

Tales From The Bureaucracy

NEAL B. FREEMAN

WE RECENTLY drew some short-term duty at a federal agency, helping to run the place until the President could get his man confirmed. What started out as a two-week hitch turned and twisted and backslid into two months, which is to say that the entire process was accelerated to accommodate our quirky desire to return to the Private Sector. It was a learning experience, combining approximately equal parts frustration, ennui, and exhilaration. Herewith a few excerpts from the memory file:

► The financial disclosure laws, reflecting as they do both the bureaucratic accretions of a generation and the extraordinary "reforms" catalyzed by Watergate, are draconian. To accept federal employment is to invite a stranger into the most private recesses of your financial affairs. Personnel officers are required to know what you make, what you own, indeed what you did with what you used to own. The forms are lengthy, detailed, and in many places ambiguous. Calculatedly ambiguous, we suspect. One is encouraged to err on the side of too much detail rather than too little: the candidate is set to serious form-filling only after being photographed and fingerprinted. (You are permitted to retain your belt, shoelaces, and sharp objects.)

The redeeming aspect of the transaction is that all information is held in the strictest confidence. It says so right on the forms themselves. Only authorized personnel officers have access to your files and then only for the purpose of ensuring compliance. As we put it to our examiner: "You would withhold this information even from Ronald Reagan?" Came the reply: "Unless he were duly authorized to receive it, yes."

► Two days after we signed on, we chaired a senior staff meeting on the subject of personnel. As we moved the name-cards about on the cork-board organization chart, it became apparent that we had no qualified candidate for a particularly sensitive line position. We stared at the gap in our rapidly developing organization. Bureaucrat Number One broke the silence by looking at us and saying cheerily, "You would be perfect for that job." We nodded graciously. Bureaucrat Number Two then chimed in quickly with, "But of course you wouldn't want to take a pay cut of —," mentioning a figure that exactly covered the difference between what the federal job paid and our private salary.

Nobody here but us duly authorized personnel.

► The mightiest weapon in the arsenal of bureaucracy is the meeting. It can be used both offensively and defensively. In the former case, meetings can be used to define the agenda and thus the business of the agency; or to reshape the organization by excluding bureaucratic opponents; or to provide a captive audience for a dominant personality. In this last connection, the most highly prized professional attribute is something called "presentation skills." We have seen presenters who are the stuff of legend, and we recognize—even if we cannot fully explain—why they are so highly regarded. Part of it is the charts (color overlays mark the superior presentation), part of it is the obsequious goo spread over those who have participated in the development of this remarkable program/budget/conference/whatever (the presenter must acknowledge by name more than half the people in the room), but by far the largest part is the *manner* of the presenter.

We don't pretend to have penetrated to the ultimate secrets, but the superficially identifiable characteristics are these: First, one must speak softly. This technique not only quiets the end-of-the-table chitchat, but also draws the listeners closer, the better to hear. Second, one must pause before each important sentence, the better to emphasize the full wisdom to follow. (Pause *after* your major point and you're finished. Someone asks a question or, worse, "seeks clarification," and you might as well toss your pointer away and sit down. It's now their meeting rather than yours.) Finally, one must adopt that peculiar, modulated tone of voice that one hears throughout the bureaucracy. It is a flat, almost monotonal voice that fairly throbs with professional objectivity. Lead singers at the Metropolitan Opera probably spend fewer hours training their voices than do bureaucrats honing their presentation skills.

We mentioned that the meeting can also be used defensively. In every bureaucracy, the newcomer will encounter or incite opposition, people who, in the President's apt phrase, "don't get with the program." The best place for these people to be is in a meeting. Since nothing gets done at a meeting, you can rest assured that they are neither tunneling under your plans nor hatching ill-conceived ideas of their own. Just as obviously, if you're spending all day in meetings, you're not getting on with your own plans. Thus you know you are in the presence of bureaucratic genius when you see A lure his opponent, B, into a long meeting with C, A's subordinate.

During our days in the bureaucracy we found only one foolproof way to end a meeting. The chairman should gather up his papers, slide his chair back from the conference table, and say genially, "Well, I know you all have to get to your other meetings."

► A common mistake in the bureaucracy is to assume the obvious, namely, that a meeting is over when it is adjourned by the chairman. You can spot the inexperienced meeting-goer by watching where he goes after he leaves the conference room. If he proceeds directly to the restroom, he has committed the classic blunder. He will be pursued by an opponent, or more commonly by a sycophantic supporter, and he will find it difficult to disengage. Sharing restroom facilities is a leveling experience. Hierarchical distinctions, carefully cultivated, are likely to be blurred.

The appropriate disengagement technique is to proceed briskly to your own office, where you control the border crossings, or to the office of a bureaucratic peer whose territorial boundaries will not be violated casually by your pursuer. □

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Gas Saver Tested & Patented

DENVER—The Copley News Service reported that United States Patents have now been issued to Wm. Trevaskis, California veteran electrical engineer, for his Vapor-Jet® brand water vapor injector (Pat. #4,119,062).

Trevaskis has developed what amounts to a 20 cents per gallon "rebate" on gasoline, by designing a low-cost injector for automobiles, light trucks, vans and recreational vehicles.

The Vapor-Jet® system has survived lab testing by a certified independent automotive testing laboratory. Test results showed miles per gallon improvement of 17.3 per cent on Trevaskis' 1971 Ford Galaxy and 13.3 per cent on a 1973 Olds Starfire.

Water injectors were developed to a highly refined state during World War II, to give combat planes increased speed and extended range. However, up to now, the low price of gas and the high cost and extremely difficult installation required for earlier injectors combined to make them unattractive for automobiles and light trucks.

The design of Trevaskis' new Vapor-Jet® is, on the other hand, very inexpensive ($29.95 + $3.00 shipping) and can be easily installed in ten to fifteen minutes.

The Vapor-Jet® has an unconditional 60 day guarantee. If for any reason you are not satisfied you may return it within 60 days of the day you installed it for a $29.95 refund. Following are some questions most frequently asked about Vapor-Jet® :

How does the Vapor-Jet® system work?

Vapor-Jet® operates very simply with no moving parts to wear out. It uses engine vacuum to pull outside air through a reservoir containing a water/methanol mixture which is attached to the car under the hood. This causes the fluid to bubble and splash forming a mist of water droplets and vapor in the upper part of the reservoir. This mist is then drawn by vacuum through a hose which is connected to any intake manifold suction hose. This connection is made very simply by our exclusive hypodermic-like injector nozzle which contains a regulator to allow just the right amount of mist to pass into the combustion chamber.

The introduction of this mist into the fuel air mixture has a cooling effect that increases the mixture density, extends the burning rate, and improves combustion efficiency. This eliminates ping (predetonation) and dieseling (after running of motor). Since steam is a good cleaner it also helps dissolve carbon deposits on the spark plugs and cylinder walls of older vehicles and helps prevent carbon buildup in new ones. Tests prove engine horsepower and octane ratings are increased with Vapor-Jet® because more fuel is converted into power producing energy. Vapor-Jet® combined with regular gas gives "premium" results.

How much mileage increase can be expected?

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Will Vapor-Jet® fit all cars and is it easy to install?

Yes. Vapor-Jet® is easily installed on all domestic and foreign cars, vans, light trucks, R.V.s, campers, motor homes, and small boats. It will work on fuel injection, lean burn cars and cars with turbo chargers and super chargers and rotary engines. It will also work with unleaded gas, gasohol, or propane burning cars. The same kit fits all cars and contains everything needed. Simple installation instructions with a diagram are included and even a novice should be able to install it in less than 10 minutes. Simply take an ice pick or drill and make a small hole through any intake manifold suction hose (i.e.; PCV hose, brake assist hose, vacuum advance hose, etc.). Screw the injector nozzle into the hole, mount the reservoir by means of the bracket and screw supplied and connect the reservoir to the injector nozzle by means of the hose supplied. If you don't want to install it yourself most service stations will for a few bucks.

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Absolutely not! Vapor-Jet® cools down the fuel air mixture giving a better burn and supresses ping thus aiding your engine. The mist that enters into the engine turns immediately into vapor and exits out the exhaust similar to driving on a rainy day.

What is the purpose of the methanol V.I.M. (Vapor Injector Mix) and how long does a pint last?

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For purchase, or further information write or call Ft. Morgan Vapor-Jet® , 15160 Hwy 144, #7, Ft. Morgan, CO 80701, (303) 867-9320. Dealerships available. (offer void in Ca.)

I, enclose $29.95 + $3.00 postage and handling:

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REAGAN'S ECONOMIC PACKAGE: *It's Not Good Enough*

TOM BETHELL

On the evening of Wednesday, February 18, a couple of hours before President Reagan delivered his State of the Union speech in the House of Representatives, Donald Regan, the Secretary of the Treasury, walked into his private dining-room in the U.S. Treasury building and shook hands with a small group of economics reporters who had been invited in for an early dinner and a chance to ask questions about the President's new economic policy. This policy was now being called "the Reagan proposals" in an attempt to deflect the possibly invidious spotlight away from Representative Jack Kemp and Senator William Roth. It consisted of marginal-tax-rate reductions, spending reductions (allegedly the "leading edge" of the program), regulatory reform, and a tighter monetary policy.

Giving "access" in this way to certain reporters—they were from the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and ABC News—provided the Administration an opportunity to make friends with the favored few, who in turn might produce more friendly coverage. Reporters who had already displayed a marked hostility to the Reagan proposals—e.g., the *New York Times*'s Steven Rattner, who personally dislikes the idea of income-tax-rate reductions and builds his news stories around this animosity—could by the same token be excluded from the gathering.

Accompanying Secretary Regan as the group sat down to beef, asparagus, and a California wine were R. T. McNamar, the Deputy Secretary of the Treasury, who until recently was vice president of a financial-services holding company in Los Angeles; and a special assistant to Regan who had been with him at Merrill Lynch.

The reporters wanted to know why the Administration's figures for projected economic growth for the years ahead were so low. After all, the Administration was now adhering to a "supply-side" economic policy which was supposed to stimulate savings and production, and bring down inflation and unemployment—all stemming from a 10 per cent reduction in marginal tax rates.

Before seeing how Regan and McNamar responded to this question, it is important to consider in more detail the meaning of this word "marginal," because it sheds valuable light on the supply-side "model" of the economy now being pressed on Congress by President Reagan, the Treasury, and the Office of Management and Budget, and it serves to distinguish the new economic policy from the old tried-and-false. Your marginal tax rate is the percentage of the *next* dollar you earn that you don't take home. You can observe your own marginal rate the next time you get a cost-of-living raise. It is the percentage of your raise not in your paycheck: probably about 50 per cent (including both state and federal taxes) if you are in the middle income range. The supply-siders' contention is that when the marginal rate becomes too high, you may not work for the additional dollar; or you may opt for leisure, or join the underground economy, or seek tax havens. All straws may weigh the same, but finally there comes a straw that breaks the camel's back: the marginal straw.

In the Keynesian macroeconomic theory dominant since the 1930s there are no marginal effects. Average and aggregate reign supreme. The Keynesian model of the economy is hydraulic (cash is "liquid"). Just as water is fungible—one unit identical to another—so money, similarly fungible, is perceived as flowing through the pipes of the economy, with equal-sized "tax cuts" (no mention of rates) having equal-sized aggregate effects wherever they are introduced into the economic pipes.

"The economy" is thus perceived as a unitary system in which individuals are like automata (and so can be ignored); the *entire system*, however, can be manipulated, or as they say "managed," by fiscal or monetary "fine-tuners." These managers are perceived as sitting behind a control panel in Washington, D.C. with the levers of the economy in their hands. Obviously, they are very important people—economists; more specifically, members of the Council of Economic Advisors and the Federal Reserve Board. It is no wonder that economists have been so reluctant to abandon an economic model in which they have so much potential power.

No wonder, also, that former members of the Council of Economic Advisors, whether Republican or Democratic, have been so unenthusiastic about supply-side theory. In the supply-side model, there is *no central control panel*. Money is no longer fungible in this world-view, and it does not "flow" evenly or smoothly. (There is no "income stream.") It is fragmented and particulate, sometimes stubborn in its movement, sometimes reluctant, sometimes enthusiastic, and often very shy—eager to take refuge in a tax shelter.

Thus the economy is not unitary and cannot be centrally

Mr. Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's *and Washington correspondent of* The American Spectator.

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Memo to: You

From: Jim McFadden

I was privileged to attend the truly marvelous party celebrating the 15th Anniversary of Bill Buckley's "Firing Line" (seems impossible that it's been on TV that long -- and getting better and better too). The invited included everyone who's appeared on the show, so you can imagine that it was quite a gathering -- a big roomful of people you'd never imagine would be in the same place together but for this occasion -- a tribute, I'd say, to the uniqueness of "Firing Line."

Not surprisingly, this set me to pondering what's wrong with it: all that "good stuff," zillions of spoken words ranging from the truly memorable to the merely interesting, lost in the sense that, if you didn't see/hear it yourself, it's gone (and who, having heard it, can remember it all?). That's why I've often sent for tape recordings of shows I've liked the most, e.g., any time the great Malcolm Muggeridge is the guest. Well, the party made me replay some Buckley-Muggeridge cassettes and, sure enough, they get better and better the more you hear them. You can't catch it all the first time -- also, I play them for friends, and it never fails to turn the night into more than the usual (with many "play that part again" interruptions as the conversation -- or argument -- blooms).

Wouldn't you like to hear one of them? Naturally, that's the next thought that struck me. So I inquired: Could we reproduce copies of the original sound track? Lo and behold (why didn't I think of this before) the good people in charge said OK. Thus, dear reader, you may now become the proud owner of a cassette-tape that will replay for your delight the entire Buckley-Muggeridge "Firing Line" program on the fascinating subject: "How Does One Find Faith?" Your friendly local atheist would relish this one, with WFB asking the right questions, and MM giving his inimitable answers. Sample:

MM: Jesus had to suffer. Otherwise, what's the cross? There's no sacrifice. At the same time, he had to be God because he was perfect.

WFB: "Christ without the crucifixion is liberalism," said Whittaker Chambers.

MM: Yes, it's very good, that.

Now that you have pen poised over checkbook, simply use the card facing this page to subscribe or renew now for a full year of NR at the regular $24 rate, and we'll gladly send you a free copy of this very Buckley-Muggeridge "Firing Line" tape-cassette. If you are a new subscriber, please check the appropriate box (if it's a renewal, our trusty computer will automatically add another 26 valuable issues to your current term, no matter when it is now due to expire). As soon as we receive your order, we'll run off a cassette and send it to you as fast as we can -- free, with all postage, etc., paid by us. A Heavenly bargain, you might say -- don't miss it. Fill out and return the card facing this page now, before you get distracted?

J.P.M.

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manipulated. It is affected only by the millions of people who make up the economy itself, because the marginal effects governing the motion of money can only be experienced separately, by individuals. Supply-side theory acknowledges, then, that autonomous individuals determine "the way the world works"; the theory defers to this reality by advocating the reduction of tax rates at the margin.

In any event, when the reporters asked Regan and McNamar about the low growth figures for the years ahead, they understandably hesitated. As a candidate, President Reagan had criticized Jimmy Carter's economic performance, yet here he was showing the Gross National Product increasing less rapidly than it had in the Carter years. Regan eventually countered with the observation that the new Administration had to build from a shakier base: the economy had been in better shape when Carter took over. True enough. Tim McNamar then said to the reporters: "You mean you find the growth rates credible?"

A few weeks earlier, in meetings held first on Capitol Hill and then at the Office of Management and Budget, David Stockman and others had produced more optimistic forecasts for the years ahead, but they had been persuaded to lower them in the interest of "credibility." Thus the irony and point of the reporters' question: the Administration had feared for the credibility of its higher figures. But once they were lowered, the efficacy of the supply-side theory that Reagan was trying to introduce was itself impugned. For why try to introduce new economic ideas if they result in an economy that does no better than it did before they were introduced? Thus, in these offstage number-struggles, the old-time Keynesian religion so beloved of Councils of Economic Advisors, traditional Republicans, traditional Democrats, and Capitol Hill committee chairmen was able to hold its own against the new supply-side doctrine. What then was the battle of the numbers specifically about?

In all mathematically derived economic predictions, the "findings" are implicit in the assumptions that were fed into the computer in the first place. The purpose of the intervening calculus—and this is one of the best-kept secrets of modern economics—is not so much to discover what numbers come out at the end as to disguise the assumptions that were put in at the beginning. In cranking out their original numbers, Stockman and the supply-siders used a specially devised "analytical growth model" that showed the tax-rate reductions proposed by Reagan bringing about fairly high economic growth rates (but no higher than in the mid-Sixties following the Kennedy tax cuts).

The growth numbers that emerged from the computer programmed this way were higher than those projected by the Keynesian models of, e.g., Data Resources, Inc., or Wharton Economic Forecasting, because the initial assumptions were different. The principal such Keynesian assumption is that a dollar spent by the government will "multiply" in the economy faster than a dollar left in an individual's hands through tax reduction. Thus, in the "demand-side" model, a scientific-seeming rationale for government spending is neatly established and then hidden away in the most undetectable of spots: the input terminal of a computer.

This assumption (that government spending betters tax cuts dollar for dollar) has been at the heart of the budget analyses put out by the Congressional Budget Office, directed since its establishment in 1975 by the Brookings-trained, Muskie-appointed Keynesian economist Alice Rivlin. CBO's forecasts have, therefore, done wonders for the spending propensities of unwary legislators who in all innocence have been able to peruse them and exclaim: "Why, looky here! These figures show that if we spend the people's money for them, the country will get richer and the economy will grow faster than if we give them a tax cut. Heavens be praised!" (Others, less naïve, would whisper congratulations into Mrs. Rivlin's ear.)

Since supply-siders do not view "the economy" as a unitary, centrally controllable entity (like a power station observed from its control room), they should ideally throw out all long-range economic forecasts of GNP, inflation, and so on. GNP is itself an extremely dubious measure of production, since it is a measure of spending, rising as government spending rises; thus the economy could be consuming its own accumulated wealth, like a millionaire spending his capital, yet still appear to be growing in GNP terms. (That is undoubtedly the situation we are in today.)

Economic forecasting amounts to a disguised form of planning, and exposes us all to the warnings of those risk-averse critics of society who have gained so much influence in recent years: "How can we be *certain* that these new-fangled supply-side ideas will give us a nominal GNP of $4.9 trillion, 4.2 per cent inflation, and an unemployment rate of 5.6 per cent in 1986?" They can now legitimately ask. (Those are the projected numbers.) And of course there is no such certainty about the future and could not possibly be. Those who say we should project the economic future are implicitly requiring us to plan it.

If supply-side theory succeeds, who becomes heir apparent to the GOP? Bush or Kemp? You can believe there are some people in the White House who have thought this through

In fact, there is no legal requirement that the Administration furnish these long-range figures. But several years ago Alice Rivlin persuaded the Senate Budget Committee under Senator Muskie to institute such a form of five-year planning, even though it was not required by the Budget Act, and the Executive branch decided to protect itself from Capitol Hill expertise by riposting with its own five-year numbers. Moreover, this year, the newcomers at OMB decided that they could seize upon the "out-year" forecasts (as they are called) to prove to the world that supply-side theory indeed does work, by projecting a rosier future than the outgoing Carter team.

So the computer was switched on, in went the new assumptions, out the window went the old assumptions, and, after some clicking and grinding, the new numbers began to appear. The old Keynesian multiplier had been reversed, and

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tax-rate reductions plus algebra showed the economy leaping ahead in the years to come. (The difference here is determined by the role attributed to savings: in Keynesian theory savings are *subtracted* from GNP. But supply-siders think savings are a *good* thing.)

So now it was Stockman's turn to gaze admiringly at the computer printouts. Two can play at this forecasting game! "Why looky here . . . supply-side theory works after all! Five per cent growth . . . inflation cut in half . . . the mathematics prove it . . ."

But wait a minute. Not so fast with the jubilation! There's someone else sitting in the room, and he's shaking his wise old head very gloomily, very dubiously: Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under President Ford, now president of an economic forecasting service of his own, Townsend-Greenspan. And it's a strange thing—no one quite knows what he's doing at the meeting, and at succeeding ones, because he's certainly not in the government any more. All the supply-siders can figure out is that he's been sent over by the White House, most likely by his good friend Martin Anderson, who is also a protégé of former Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns, another wise old head who has never missed an opportunity to criticize tax-cutting as inflationary, and yet is always somehow described as being "conservative." (Burns recently said to President Reagan that the proposed top-rate reduction on "unearned" income from 70 to 50 per cent would do nothing but "drive up the price of antiques." George McGovern couldn't have put it better.)

For wise old heads like Burns and Greenspan, change is liable to seem incredible if it is expressed in anything other than tiny increments on either side of the status quo. Inches—permissible; feet—impossible. So the new supply-side growth-rate figures—*as good as the Carter years*—were too much of a shock: Oh dear me, Greenspan was heard to murmur in his sepulchral tones . . . Even if we believe these numbers, no one else will . . . People will stare at them incredulously . . . So different from the standard forecasts . . . and such a departure from the consensus . . . The President will be taking a big risk, a very big risk . . .

Then Greenspan relapsed into silence. Stockman knew when he was beaten. He hadn't even been confirmed as OMB director at the time. And Alan Greenspan, a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, under (conservative) President Ford, was implicitly threatening to walk out of the room and tell the world that the kid's numbers didn't add up. (You could visualize the news stories: "Even Alan Greenspan, a respected conservative economist, said . . .")

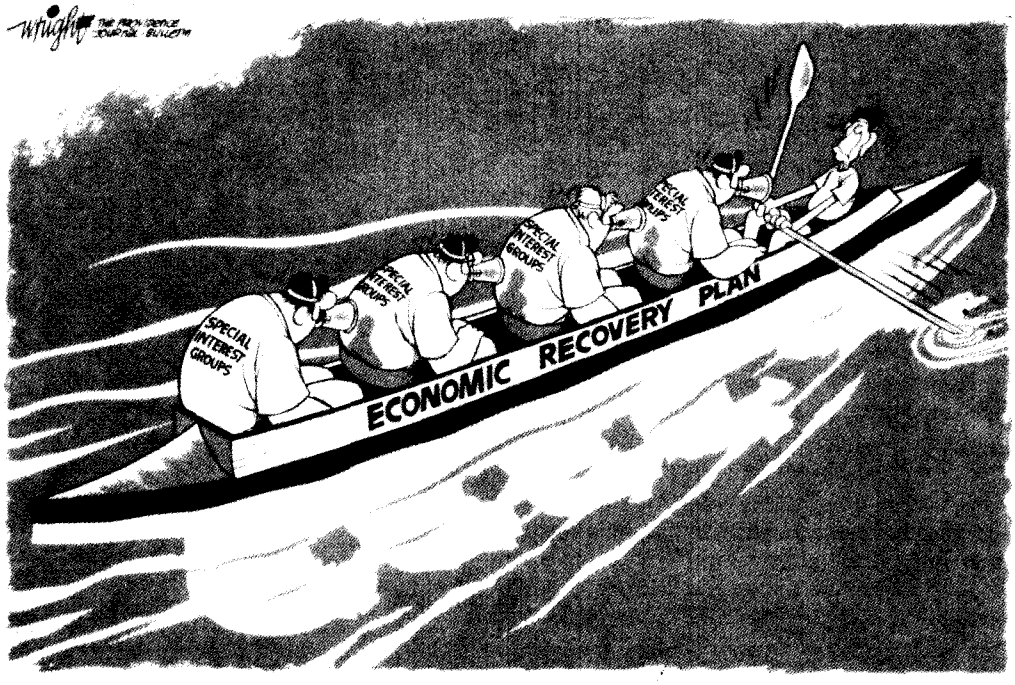
So the numbers were reduced, growth rates, say, going down from 5 per cent to 4, and this had disastrous effects, because a few years out, projected tax revenues were now considerably lower than they would have been, and it was beginning to look as if it would be impossible to balance the budget by 1984. So once again balanced budgets, formerly embraced by conservative Republicans, and now the secret weapon of liberal Democrats, Common Cause, Arthur Burns, and Alan Greenspan, threatened to nip tax cuts in the bud.

Nevertheless, Greenspan says today that he is "an old-time devotee of supply-side theory"; and *à propos* of the OMB meetings: "The supply-side effects have a fairly significant range of possibilities, and I thought it would be wiser for us to put in numbers that were somewhat more conservative."

Another Administration figure who opposed the optimistic numbers was Murray Weidenbaum, the new chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, who is critical of supply-side ideas. He said at a White House meeting that "in my gut I know we can't sell these numbers," prompting one wiseacre to reply that the economy was now being steered by Weidenbaum's Visceral Computer.

Supply-siders believe that it was once again Martin Anderson who put Weidenbaum up to opposing them. Anderson recommended Weidenbaum for the job, and he is reported to have persuaded Weidenbaum that the new economic team was "not sufficiently expert to provide Mr. Reagan with adequate guidance," possibly necessitating an outside group of economists to give advice. Weidenbaum was thus invited to put distance between himself and the supply-siders. (Anti-Anderson feeling runs strong on the supply side, some of his critics feeling that his own "personal capital" is tied up with old-time demand-siders such as Arthur Burns, under whose auspices Anderson's career has blossomed.)

The crowning insult came when the supply-siders were told that their forecasts, if not revised, would be contradicted by the House and Senate Budget Committees. "So they were accepting that Alice Rivlin can constrain the Administra-



Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!

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tion's economic policy, instead of asking Senator Domenici to get rid of her," commented one supply-sider who fears for the future of Reagan's program, given the lack of enthusiasm with which its economic rationale is viewed by some in the White House itself.

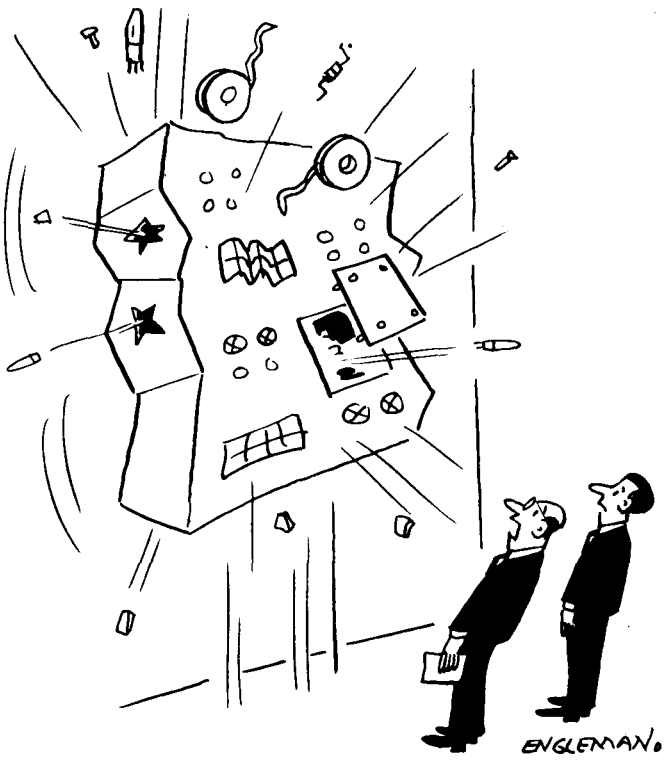
For example, when the explanation of the new economic policy was returned from the White House to the Treasury, supply-siders found that their language had been removed, and replaced by standard Keynesian boiler-plate about "under-utilized factors" being "returned to productive use." "Factors of supply" were said to be "technology, capital, labor, and materials"; no mention of incentives, the individual, or the qualities of *mind* which account for the dynamism of economies. *Matter* was restored to its accustomed role (i.e., something that could be manipulated from central control).

Supply-siders believe that in this instance those responsible were former Ford advisors and George Bush supporters James A. Baker and David Gergen—both now snuggling up close to Reagan next to the Oval Office. These were the people who derided supply-side theory as Voodoo Economics. The Bushmen on the Warpath! The point about the Bush League is not that they want Reagan's policy to fail, or are in any sense disloyal, but rather that they don't want its success to be attributed to supply-side economics. The reason is simple: they have no personal investment in the theory. On the contrary, they sold it short in the course of the unsuccessful Bush campaign. If it succeeds, who becomes the heir apparent to the Republican Party? George Bush or Jack Kemp? You can believe that there are some people in the White House who have thought this one through carefully.

All of this would be trivial—standard Washington infighting—except that Reagan's anti-supply-side aides genuinely do not understand the crucial importance of marginal-tax-rate reductions—above all, at middle and high income levels—to the success of the program. Sometimes it seems that, of those in the White House, Reagan alone understands the issue. The importance of top-rate reductions was well illuminated recently by John Mueller in the *Wall Street Journal*, and the same point is made by Bruce Bartlett in his new book *Reaganomics* (Arlington House).

Too many Republicans still worry in the dead of night that someone the next day will call them 'uncompassionate'—meaning that they are insufficiently on the side of coercion

The awful truth is that supply-side theory really only works at high marginal rates. If a country is to become rich, its citizens must be allowed to become rich. The idea, however, is not to "help the rich," but to grant permission to those who want to *become* rich. The grave danger at present is that Democratic congressmen (such as Tip O'Neill and Henry Reuss) will succeed in their campaign to arouse envy in the nation at large, and the doubters in the White House—none too sure of the correctness of the policy anyway—will then seek to propitiate envy by arguing for an amelioration of the top-rate reductions. This was the fate of the proposal to abolish immediately the distinction between earned and unearned income. Everyone agreed that no revenue would be lost (only the unwary pay seventy cents on the dollar to the government), but the desire to appease potential envy (possibly nonexistent in reality) outweighed the economic truth. (This was legitimized under the rubric of "politics.")



Engleman Rothco

"We programmed it to predict the inflation rate in the year 2000!"

If this happens again, and if Congress manages to lessen the top reductions and increase the bottom reductions, thus *increasing* the progressivity of the tax code, thereby increasing the reluctance of citizens to wade into an ever-deepening sea of taxation, then economic disaster will eventually ensue. Reagan's program will have been converted into one more income-transfer program.

The proposals are now being considered on Capitol Hill, where a key player today is Senator Pete Domenici of New Mexico. Although he is a vast improvement over the leftish Ed Muskie, aides who have worked with Domenici fear that he does not really understand the need for tax cuts, thinks of them in purely "static-revenue-loss" terms (the same people will continue reporting the same taxable income before and after the tax cut), and so sees them as obstacles to a balanced budget.

Staff aides on Domenici's Budget Committee do not inspire great confidence either. Recently a new economist named Preston Miller was hired from the Minneapolis Fed-

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eral Reserve. He promptly arranged for a group of economists to testify to the Budget Committee; with the exception of one from the University of Chicago, all said the personal income tax cuts were a bad idea. Also sitting at the table, beaming with approval, was . . . Alice Rivlin. After a while Domenici left, and no senator was present. So the economists ended up testifying, in effect, to Mrs. Rivlin.

She can be removed by resolution of one House of Congress. And the Republicans, it is sometimes hard to remember, do now control the Senate. Senator Armstrong of Colorado (whose interest in budgetary matters has increased lately, just as Senator Hatch's has waned) has reminded Senator Domenici of the election result. The reminder was necessary. When a staff aide to Domenici was asked a couple of months ago if the Committee was going to seek Mrs. Rivlin's removal, he replied that that would be "too political." The election, of course, was also political, as was Mrs. Rivlin's appointment. The basic problem is that too many Republicans still worry in the dead of night that someone the next day will call them "uncompassionate"—meaning that they are insufficiently on the side of coercion.

A final word about the much-vaunted spending cuts. The President's economic message said that "the leading edge of our program is the comprehensive reduction in the rapid growth of federal spending." Note how "comprehensive" this is: In January 1980, the fiscal-year 1982 spending total was estimated to be $686 billion. A year later, when President Reagan addressed Congress, the total spending figure for the same fiscal year had grown to $695 billion. (This was, however, lower than the enormous total compiled at the last minute by Jimmy Carter's lame-duck budgeters.)

Despite all the headlines and talk of spending cuts (tending to lay the groundwork, once again, for attributing the ultimate success of the program to old-fashioned "budget-cutting" rather than to Jack-Kemp-rewarding supply-sidism), spending "cuts" will play a negligible role in the success of the program. Everything will depend on the reduction of those top marginal rates. If they are cut, then the obstacles of federal spending, regulatory entanglement, and monetary policy (which in any event has been tight since the election) will be circumvented by the less-constrained private sector.

But if, in deference to the virulent egalitarian ideology which still dominates the thinking of most intellectuals, the President's proposals are slyly converted into another income transfer program, then Reagan will have been Thatcherized. Gold-buying time will be here again. □

Gunga Dan

(With apologies to RK and "Sergeant Thomas Atkins"—better men than we are.)

If your ammo's gettin' low,
And supplies are movin' slow,
Then's the time to give HQ a call:
But they're a funny lot,
And they'll often send you rot
Of no damn use to anyone at all.
Well, in Afghan's bloody clime
Where I now'days spend my time
'Elpin' locals perforate some Bolshie's tan,
One fine day I 'ear the soun'
Of a chopper settlin' down—
And out steps that newsman-wallah Gunga Dan!

And it was Dan, Dan, Dan,
We'll be filming in a minute, Gunga Dan!
Do you know your lines all right?—
'Cause we can't stay here all night;
We've a dinner-date in Delhi, Gunga Dan!

We'd been 'opin' for some gear
For a bloody 'alf a year—
My Martini-'Enry's gettin' rather old—
But instead, to my surprise
We get 'anded this fine prize:
A mob of crewmen bitchin' 'bout the cold!
Then directors pranced and flounced
And the cameras bumped and bounced
While Danny Boy the stylists cut and preened:
In 'is make-up and 'is robe
With 'is 'air all neatly combed
'E's the funniest bloody thing I ever seen!

And it was Dan, Dan, Dan,
Flash your pearlies at the camera, Gunga Dan!
Now turn and stare in space
With a grimace on your face:
Show the Russkies you mean business, Gunga Dan!

In that frozen mountain scene
Danny went through 'is routine
In the boldest voice you'd ever want to 'ear;
In 'is steely, somber tone
Said we'd take back what's our own—
And we just might, if we're still alive next year.
The filmin' soon was through
And Danny and 'is crew
Then loaded up and flew off like a shot;
I wonder now and then
If per'aps we'll meet again—
Although to tell the truth, I'd rather not!

And now it's Dan, Dan, Dan,
All your country's at your feet now, Gunga Dan!
And now that you're back there
And you're Walter's chrismed heir:
Don't forget to tip the cabby, Gunga Dan!

—Jonathan Swift Somers II

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THE 'LABOR VOTE'

His first mistake was to support Jimmy Carter for President in 1980, a mistake the AFL-CIO rank and file did not make. For the sake of the American labor movement, Mr. Kirkland should catch up with his followers

Lane Kirkland's Crisis of Leadership

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

LANE KIRKLAND had barely taken over the leadership of the AFL-CIO from the masterly but aged George Meany when he was confronted by an excruciating dilemma, the same one his predecessor had faced in 1972.

At that time, given a choice between McGovern and Nixon, Meany led the AFL-CIO Executive Council, albeit reluctantly, to a no-endorsement position in the presidential race. Let the membership vote as they pleased without the numinous guidance of the Council.

Until then, the AFL and the CIO—first separately and, since 1955, as a merged organization—had consistently supported Democratic presidential candidates. FDR had virtually co-opted the CIO, Communists and all, into the Democratic Party. Then as now, with few exceptions, there were no avowed Republicans in labor's top ranks. The 1972 election was a temporary exception to this well-conditioned reflex of supporting Democratic presidential candidates. By 1976, the AFL-CIO was back in the Democratic Party fold—Jimmy Carter was their man.

Now it was 1980. Intelligent, personable, a no-nonsense anti-Communist member of the hardline Committee on the Present Danger, Lane Kirkland had just taken over the AFL-CIO leadership in November 1979. Now he and his fellow members of the AFL-CIO Executive Council had to decide on an endorsement or no endorsement. Many of the AFL-CIO vice presidents, who compose the Executive Council, were disgusted with both Carter's domestic policies and his foreign policy, particularly the appeasement of the USSR. Nevertheless, like sheep, they marched into the Carter pen.

What good, one wanted to ask, were all the anti-Communist proclamations of the AFL-CIO if Kirkland and his associates (with three exceptions) were endorsing for re-election a President whose proudest boast was that under his Administration the American people had lost their "inordinate" fear of Communism; a President who, by his own public confession, needed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan to persuade him that his optimism about the USSR needed drastic revision; a President under whose leadership the United States had become a second-rate military power?

Under Meany, the AFL-CIO hadn't lost its "inordinate" fear of Communism, didn't need Afghanistan to confirm what they'd always known about the USSR, and had solidly supported a strong defense program while seeking an end to the arms race. So why did the AFL-CIO have to support a Carter when his opponent was far closer to the AFL-CIO's foreign-policy views? And in retrospect, after Reagan's first fifty days, can Kirkland, Tom Donahue, AFL-CIO Secretary Albert Shanker, and other labor executives still believe (if they ever did) that American national-security needs would have been better served by a re-elected foreign-policy mushhead like Carter than by a knowledgeable, frank-spoken Reagan? Would Carter have appointed Jeane Kirkpatrick, Elliott Abrams, Fred Iklé to important positions? Would a Social Democrat like Carl Gershman have been welcomed by Carter as he has been by Reagan? Who indeed, in 1980, better judged American security needs—the AFL-CIO Executive Council or the AFL-CIO rank and file and the non-unionist blue-collar workers?

FOR KIRKLAND, the summer of 1980 was an hour of decision. Because he, knowingly, made the wrong decision so early in his career, the results of the 1980 election are not merely a defeat for the AFL-CIO but the beginning of a crisis for Kirkland's leadership—and that in a year when organized labor will celebrate its centenary. (It was on November 15, 1881 that 107 delegates, including Samuel Gompers, met in Pittsburgh to form the Federation of Organized Trade and Labor Unions, which, in 1886, became the American Federation of Labor.)

The decision to endorse Carter was wrong on two counts. First, because the country's labor leaders knew that many of their members would vote against Carter, and they knew even better that Reagan would win. In the event, at least half the "labor vote"—or, in the phrase of the *New York Times*/CBS Poll, "persons in union households"—voted for candidates other than Carter: 42 per cent for Reagan, 7 per cent for Anderson, and 1 per cent for Ed Clark.

In other words, had the AFL-CIO Executive Council acted on their own instincts as well as on the knowledge that a large number of their rank-and-file members would vote against Carter, they would have at the very least remained

Mr. Beichman, now a political scientist, was for years connected with the AFL-CIO as a writer and publicist. He voted for Ronald Reagan last November, his first vote ever for a Republican presidential candidate.

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neutral. Yet, following the Carter endorsement, Kirkland told a press conference on August 20:

> We think that we have a structure which affords an interchange of views, that our unions represent their members faithfully. . . . We have good and open sources of contact with the membership at every level. [Our] members and workers in this country are highly intelligent. They are gifted with a high degree of common sense. They can tell nonsense from sincerity or reality, and I think they can perceive and will perceive where their interests lie, both directly and in the larger sense as citizens of this country.

As André Malraux wrote, "The path that leads from moral reasoning to political action is strewn with our dead selves."

The AFL-CIO endorsement of Carter was wrong for another reason. Those who were influential in the Carter Administration were not only bad on foreign policy and defense. They were also bad on organized labor; they and their New Politics "quality of life" allies disliked it as intensely as they disliked business, which, in the words of Seymour Martin Lipset, "they considered materialistic rather than public-interested." In other words, in supporting Carter, the AFL-CIO was ignoring its own self-defined legitimate interests, starting with the need to strengthen the basic democratic institutions of American society.

Organized-labor leadership had good reason to know that many union members quite consistently ignore advice on whom to vote for in presidential elections. Despite labor endorsement of Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and 1956, polls showed that union members, especially in strongholds like Pittsburgh, had gone for Eisenhower. Nixon in 1960 got a large vote, though Goldwater in 1964 did not. In 1968 Nixon got a large labor vote and, of course, so did Humphrey. McGovern failed to win union votes. Ford surprisingly received a large labor vote, though Carter edged him out.*

Over the years, the AFL-CIO publicly has refused to recognize that that phenomenon of British politics, the Tory worker—whose lineaments were discerned as those of an "angel in marble" by Disraeli and whose existence was deplored by Lenin in "What Is to Be Done?"—was alive and well not only in Britain but also in the U.S. and, indeed, the other Western democracies. There are even "Tory worker" elements in Poland.

In Britain, the Tory worker has made possible the election of Tory governments again and again, from 1951 on—Churchill, Eden, Macmillan, Heath, and Thatcher. The Tory worker is not a deferential, tugging-at-the-forelock, cloth-cap serf voting for his betters. Surveys have shown that British workers vote Tory because they think that party is more capable of dealing with salient issues—or at least as capable as the ideological swamp called the Labor Party, which their unions and the British Trades Union Congress support.

A *New York Times*/CBS News Poll in August of last year showed that union members "believe that Republicans are just as capable as Democrats of solving the national problems respondents considered most important." At about the same time as the poll, Kirkland was telling a Steelworkers convention in Los Angeles that if union members "have the facts on which to base their decision, I am entirely comfortable with the decision they will make when they enter the voting booth."

AFL-CIO statisticians and their computer printouts can argue all they want, but the AFL-CIO is in decline. The London *Economist* reports that union membership in the U.S. fell from 34 per cent of the labor force in 1955 to just over 20 per cent in 1979. In other words, only one out of five American workers today belongs to a union. There is virtually no union representation among scientists, economists, managers, and educators, a professional class which Daniel Bell has described as "the largest of its kind in human history."

Even worse for the organization is that it has been losing its political supporters in Congress. Even under a Democratic-controlled Congress and a Democratic President, the AFL-CIO had lost its lobbying zing. Today, with a Republican Senate, with the defeat in re-election bids of five pro-labor Democratic Senate liberals—McGovern, Nelson, Bayh, Church, and Culver—and with a Republican President who won big without the AFL-CIO endorsement, the AFL-CIO begins the Kirkland era with no political assets and certainly no political following it can count on among its own members.

It should also be remembered that four more pro-labor Senate liberals—Clark of Iowa, Anderson of Minnesota, Haskell of Colorado, and Hathaway of Maine—were defeated for re-election in 1978. Nothing could so concentrate the minds of the remaining Senate liberals as the defeat of

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"I don't know if 'spend before it depreciates' is a viable answer to inflation."

*Labor-union members make up approximately one-seventh of the adult population; with spouses and other immediate family members, they make up about one-quarter of the potential American electorate. If they voted as a bloc or if there were a "labor vote," they could have reversed the Eisenhower landslide in 1956 and the Johnson landslide in 1964. Union households voted 83 per cent Democratic in 1964 but only 48 per cent in 1968, according to Arthur C. Wolfe's article in *Labor and American Politics*, University of Michigan Press, 1978.

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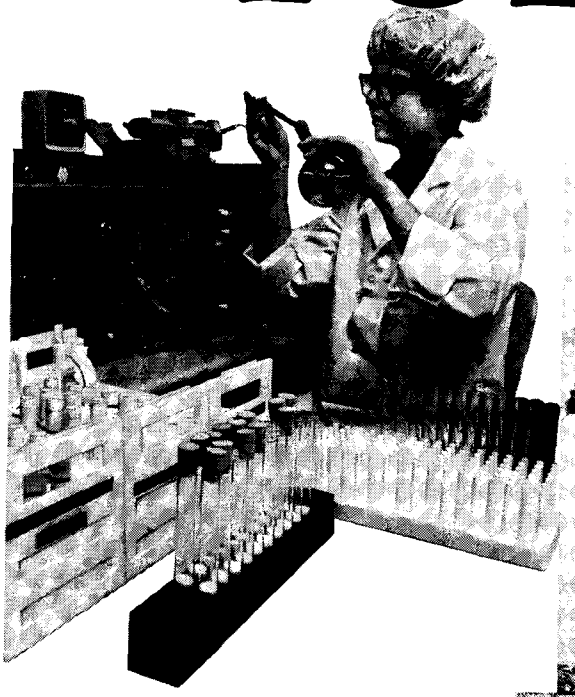

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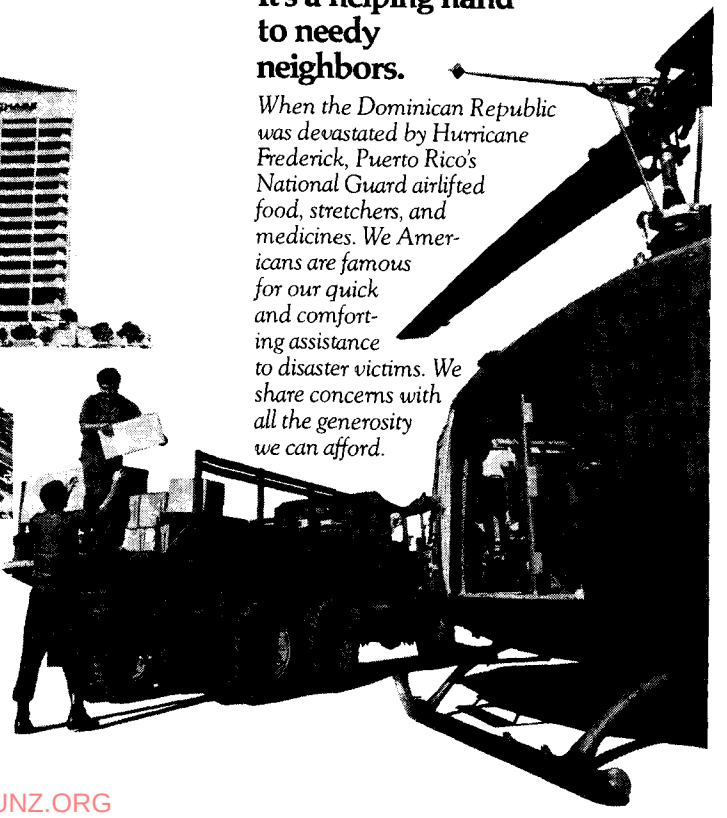

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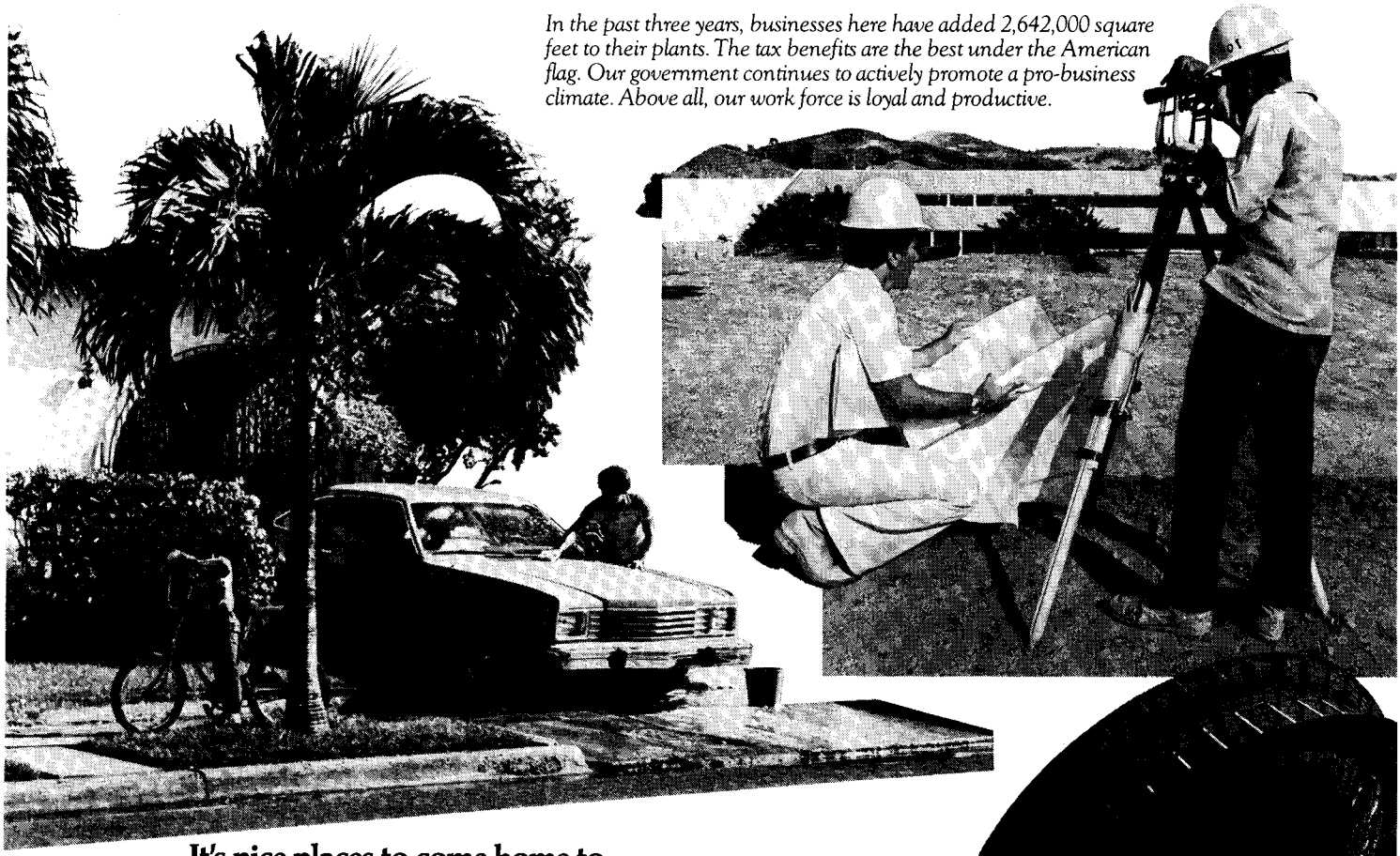

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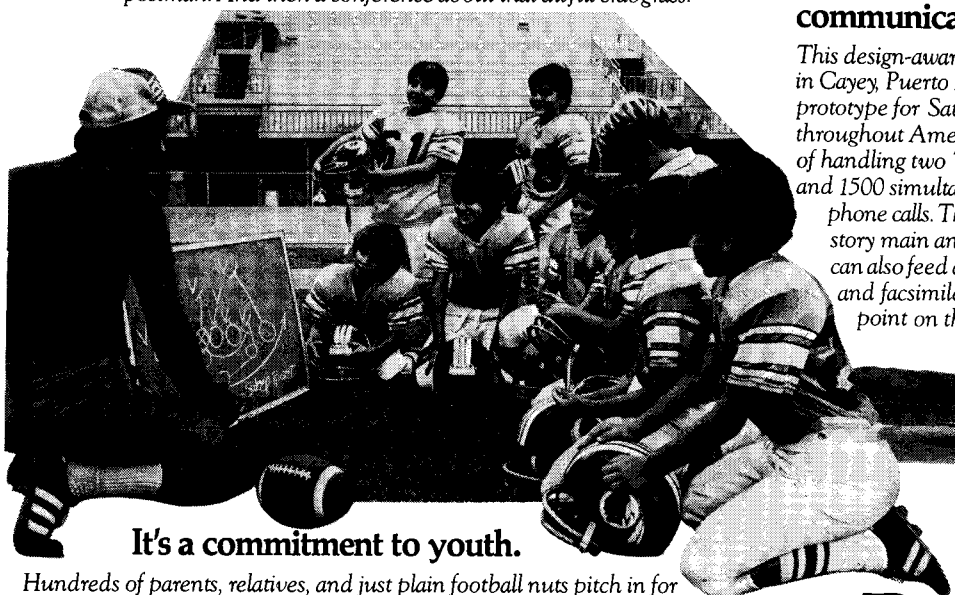

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nine of their fellow liberals in the space of two years, plus the premonitory D'Amato victory—in New York, with some three million union members! And one can be sure that President Reagan will remember Kirkland's pre-election press conference answer, when he was asked what a Reagan victory would mean for the American worker—"A long four years. . . . It would seem like a lifetime."

It is interesting to note that after reading the election returns, Kirkland discarded his "campaign oratory" (as Wendell L. Willkie described his own anti-FDR hyperbole after the 1940 election). Instead, Kirkland, at his post-election press conference, said: "The Reagan forces, clearly, in this campaign, put forward reassuring propositions that turned away from positions that he had advanced in earlier years." It would be fascinating to learn from Kirkland what "reassuring propositions" became discernible to him after August 20 and what effort the AFL-CIO leadership had made in advance of the Carter endorsement to uncover these "reassuring propositions."

In the light of the 1980 debacle for the AFL-CIO, it is difficult to disagree with *The Economist*'s view that "unions have to justify their existence to American workers. And that, they have been failing to do." All the more reason, then, to question Kirkland's more-of-the-same therapy under a new formula—his call for direct participation by the AFL-CIO in the primary process of presidential selection before the party conventions.

At a post-election Kirkland press conference, a reporter asked right at the outset, "In analyzing the election, do you agree that the AFL-CIO policy of neutrality in the primaries should be scrapped?" Kirkland replied, "I raised the issue myself at the last council meeting. I indicated that I was not happy about the results of the posture that we were obligated to take during the crucial nominating process for national office. . . . I propose to review our entire approach to this nominating process . . . and see if modifications in our approach to it aren't in order to place the AFL-CIO in a position to exercise a more forceful leadership role in its approach to the kind of candidates and issues that are put forward by the parties" (*AFL-CIO News*, Dec. 13, 1980, p. 7). Section 8, Article III of the AFL Constitution adopted at the 1924 convention read: "Party politics, whether they be Democratic, Republican, Socialistic, populistic, prohibition, or any other, should have no place in the conventions of the American Federation of Labor." In 1984, Federation participation in party primaries? Progress?

WHAT Kirkland and his peers are seeking is to perpetuate the myth of a working-class vote when it no longer exists, if it ever did. John L. Lewis discovered that myth after his radio address of October 26, 1940, in which he called upon trade unionists to vote for Wendell L. Willkie. He put his CIO presidency on the line by warning his labor auditors that if Roosevelt were re-elected "it will mean that the members of the Congress of Industrial Organizations have rejected my advice and recommendations" and that, therefore, he would resign that office. The CIO members paid no attention to Lewis, the politician, though they had to Lewis, the labor tactician, and they voted big for FDR's third term. Lewis subsequently resigned, having discovered that union members were not to be cozened by Lewis or by the Communist Party apparatus, which, in 1940, was also opposing FDR as an imperialist warmonger. Ten years later, Ohio labor leaders were unable to convince their members to vote against Senator Robert A. Taft, co-sponsor, it will be remembered, of the Taft-Hartley Act.

The best that can be said for Kirkland and the Federation is that their view of contemporary U.S. politics has been simplistic: Count up the pro-labor-legislation votes by a congressman, compare them to those of his opponent, and endorse. Study the party platforms and endorse the one which seems, rhetorically at least, more pro-labor. Such a view is utterly passé at a time when class voting in the democracies, particularly in the U.S., has sharply declined. Even Herbert Marcuse recognized that "an overriding interest in the preservation and improvement of the industrial status quo united the former antagonists [capitalists and workers] in the most advanced areas of contemporary society." For the Marxist Marcuse, labor was betraying the role wished upon the proletariat by Marx and Engels: to be the grave-digger of capitalism.

For the anti-Marxist Kirkland, were union members violating their obligations when half of them and their families ignored the Federation's advice to vote for Carter? Whom did Senator Moynihan have in mind when he said, "Of all the institutions of American public life, U.S. labor is perhaps the most expressive of the popular ethos"—the Federation Executive Council, or the rank-and-file membership who saw in Carter a failed President and voted against him?

LANE KIRKLAND'S ordeal—the "long four years"—has just begun, and he knows it. As Douglas Fraser, UAW president, said in a post-election statement, "Reagan has a right to ignore us if he wants to. But I don't think it would be wise for him to do so." Even without this tough-guy posture and threat, Ronald Reagan isn't going to ignore the AFL-CIO; but, at the moment, the organization is a paper tiger, politically, because it no longer has the power, if it ever did, to punish its enemies, or even to reward its friends.

And yet there is a way for Kirkland, a good man with a potentially important career ahead of him, to give the AFL-CIO the institutional importance it has sought in vain. First, the Federation ought to give up, however reluctantly, the idea that it must endorse a presidential candidate every four years.

Second, and even more important, Kirkland should recognize that Reagan, on foreign and military policy, is far closer to the thinking of the AFL-CIO Executive Council than Carter ever was. A bridge ought to be built between Kirkland and President Reagan. The man to do that is Secretary of State Haig, who understands the importance of free trade-unionism in the unending struggle against Communist totalitarianism.

The occasion for a Reagan-Federation-Kirkland reconciliation might be an early White House state dinner, where the guest of honor ought to be Kirkland's friend, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, whom President Ford, on Henry Kissinger's advice, ignored. The AFL-CIO gave Solzhenitsyn the honor due him in 1975. But the White House still owes the great Russian writer official recognition. □

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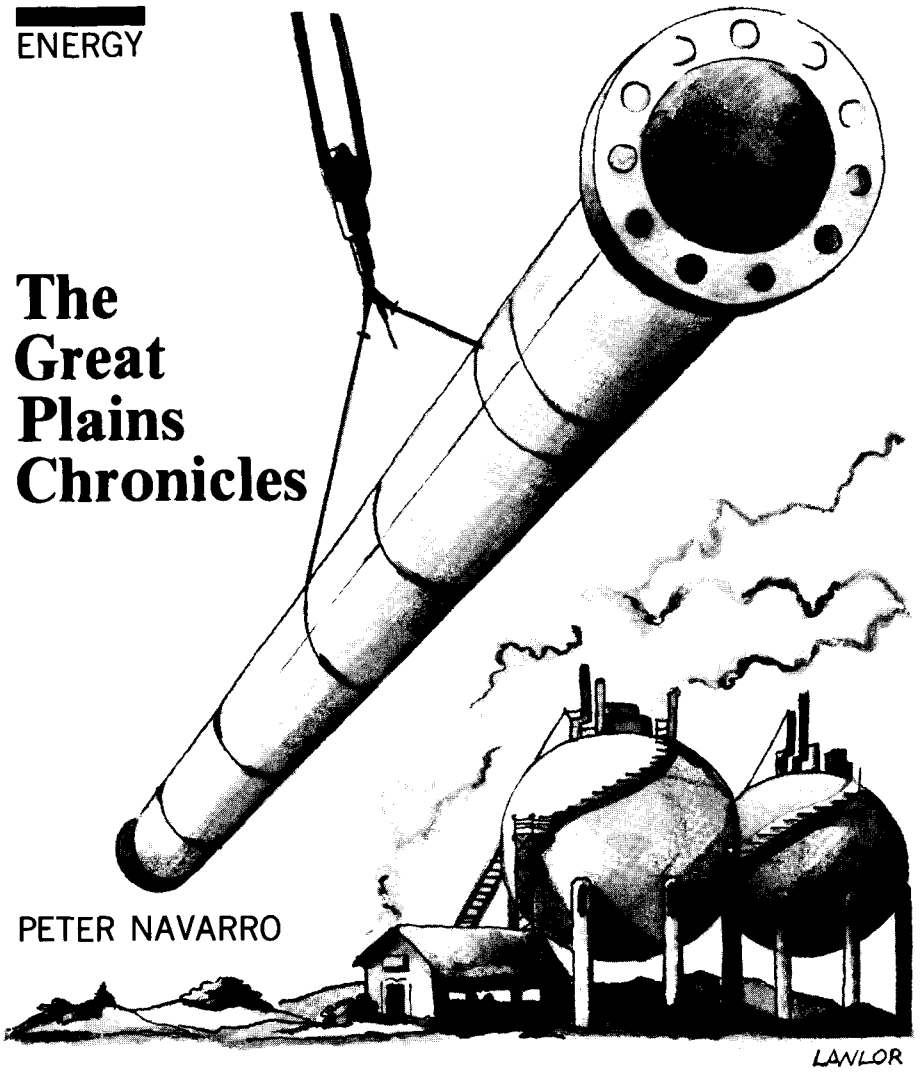
ENERGY

The Great Plains Chronicles

PETER NAVARRO



WITH A bone-crunching tackle, the U.S. Court of Appeals has abruptly halted the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission's "end run" efforts to force natural-gas consumers on five major pipelines to finance the Great Plains coal-gasification project. The Court's decision wound up a lengthy legal battle over "consumer financing" that pitted the project builders and the Federal Government against a curious coalition that featured, among others, the odd couple of General Motors and the Ohio Consumers Counsel.

While the court ruling may kill Great Plains, however, it is not enough to finish off "consumer financing." We are likely to see its use proposed again (and again) as the nation struggles to fund a long list of multi-billion-dollar energy projects such as the Alaskan natural-gas pipeline. It is worthwhile, then, to review the "Great Plains Chronicles," since this saga not only reveals what is wrong with consumer financing but vividly illustrates how, when left unfettered, the Federal Government will continually try new and ingenious ways of subsidizing its wants.

The Great Plains project is scheduled to be the nation's first commercial-sized synfuels plant. Located in Mercer County, North Dakota, the $1.8-billion plant would provide a crucial feasibility test for turning low-grade, abundant coal reserves into premium "natural" gas compatible with existing pipelines—especially important now that domestic gas supplies are rapidly dwindling and foreign gas sources have been linked to the price of OPEC oil. Since the project's inception in 1975, the biggest issue delaying its construction has been who should finance it: business, government, or consumers.

American Natural Resources (ANR), the company which originally conceived Great Plains, wants consumers and the government to pay for it; and on March 26, 1975, ANR proposed that the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) use its regulatory authority to obligate ANR's gas customers to pay a "surcharge" covering construction financing charges. Such a surcharge, coupled with government loan guarantees assumed to be forthcoming from Congress, would provide the company with sufficient credit to obtain the necessary loans from the apparently reluctant and skeptical Wall Street banks.

ANR argued that it could not swing the large-scale high-risk project without outside assistance. Augmenting this "small business" plea was an equally familiar national-security argument: Great Plains was an essential step toward U.S. energy independence. What ANR's proposal actually amounted to, however, was an almost unprecedented effort to use the FERC's regulatory apparatus to solve a private-sector company's financing problems. Arthur K. Seder Jr., president of ANR, made no bones about this, testifying that "we have always felt basically that if the Commission had jurisdiction . . . the financing of the project would be enhanced."

Indeed, to squeeze itself under the FERC's regulatory umbrella, ANR arranged to sell its synthetic coal gas seven hundred miles away from the plant, and only after it had been commingled with natural gas; such commingling would establish—or so the sponsors thought—the FERC's jurisdiction over the proposed synthetic gas plant.

Before the FERC had a chance to rule on this proposal, Congress rejected legislation that would have provided the

Mr. Navarro conducts research into the economic, environmental, energy, and distributional consequences of regulation at the John F. Kennedy School of Government's Energy and Environmental Policy Center. His articles have appeared in The Public Interest, Regulation, Urban Land, *the* New York Times, *the* Boston Globe, *and other major newspapers.*

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requisite loan guarantees. Unable to borrow and under increasing pressure from the Department of Energy (DOE) to expand the project to include other pipelines, ANR formed a five-member consortium, which, on June 2, 1978, sent an amended application to the FERC. As a substitute for the government loan guarantees which Congress had put into limbo, this latest proposal called for a "consumer guarantee," giving considerable extra teeth to the original surcharge. This guarantee would have obligated consumers to pay the surcharge even if there were cost overruns and whether or not the project was ever completed. Moreover, the consumer surcharges were designed so that the five pipelines in the consortium, which now had sufficient assets to finance the project privately, would contribute only $100 million each toward the $1.8-billion investment. The consortium's explanation for this minimal cash contribution was that the project was simply too risky.

The apparent unwillingness of the consortium to use its own assets, coupled with the fact that, if the synfuels demonstration proved successful, the major beneficiary would be the nation as a whole rather than the comparatively small group of the consortium's ratepayers, led FERC Administrative Law Judge Raymond Zimmet to reject the consortium's proposal on the grounds that "if a project is too risky or otherwise not worthwhile from a sponsor's standpoint, then so also is this true from the viewpoint of its ratepayers." "The most equitable solution, consistent with the public convenience and necessity, would be to have America's taxpayers share the costs," Judge Zimmet concluded.

On November 21, 1979, the FERC commissioners voted 2 to 1 to reverse the Zimmet decision. Acknowledging that the "consumer guarantee has almost no precedent" and that it involved "an atypical sharing of costs and risks," they nonetheless approved the controversial ratepayer financing with only minor modifications. Dissenting angrily, Commissioner Matthew Holden described the action as "a dramatic departure from previous Commission practice neither sufficiently analyzed nor sufficiently justified." Moreover, the reversal required the Commission to bend one of its own rules to what Holden viewed as the breaking point: by accepting the consortium's latest definition of Great Plains as a "demonstration plant," the FERC could invoke a recent ruling which made such projects eligible for ratepayer financing. In the four previous years of adjudication, Great Plains had always been defined as a "gas supply project."

To get an angle on this decision of the two FERC commissioners—at odds not only with that of the presiding administrative law judge and Commissioner Holden but of the FERC's own staff as well—one must turn to the Department of Energy's role in promoting the Great Plains project.

On June 1, 1978, the DOE had intervened in the FERC proceedings in an effort to rescue the foundering project. Deputy Secretary John F. O'Leary described this intervention as a necessary step to prevent the collapse of the project, insisting that coal-gas development was a crucial part of U.S. energy policy —insurance against an increasingly dangerous dependence on oil imports as well as a viable means of developing domestic coal resources.

Assuming the role of chief architect of, and negotiator for, the consumer-financing package, the DOE arranged a series of formal and informal meetings with the project sponsors. To blunt criticism that ANR's new plan forced a small number of gas customers to pay for a project benefiting the whole nation, the DOE insisted that ANR take on additional partners. The result was the five-pipeline consortium, which expanded the number of consumers paying for Great Plains to roughly one-third of all interstate gas customers, primarily in the Frostbelt. That meant that the surcharge each consumer would have to pay would be reduced to a point where, at least to the DOE, the risks and "the payment of the very small additional cost that each individual consumer would pay were fair, just, and reasonable burdens."

In dealing with one argument in equity, however, the DOE created another. In order to cajole the pipelines to join the consortium, the consumer guarantee now provided that not only would the banks get their loans back if the project failed, but the pipelines would also recover all of their cash contributions. That condition drew heavy fire from the FERC staff, who saw in such a situation the absolute absence of any incentives to minimize the costs of, or even complete, the project. The staff also wondered aloud why consumers should be forced to accept risks that the pipelines refused to take. This, as mentioned above, was a major reason why Judge Zimmet initially rejected the proposal.

The DOE's intervention created several additional difficulties for the paralyzed project. First, in its negotiations with ANR, the DOE drew the FERC into the dialogue. That cast FERC Chairman Charles Curtis in the active, and some suggested improper, role of participating in the discussion of a proposal that his independent Commission was supposed to be adjudicating.

Second, DOE Secretary James Schlesinger's concurrent decision to encourage the use of a temporary natural-gas glut for utility and industrial-boiler use not only reversed a long-standing policy of husbanding the premium fuel for higher-priority uses but also made the agency's dire warnings of an impending natural-gas shortage sound hollow. Obviously, if there were in fact a glut of gas, the rationale for what many regarded as unseemly haste toward a "synfoolish" future was seriously undercut.

Despite these difficulties, the DOE successfully helped Great Plains hurdle Judge Zimmet's roadblock. With Chairman Curtis recusing himself after his part in the proposal was revealed, the remaining FERC commissioners voted 2 to 1 to override the objections of staff counsel, the administrative law judge, and Commissioner Holden and approve the consortium's proposal. In defense of that decision—which project opponents immediately characterized as a "cave-in" to political pressure—the two Carter-appointed commissioners argued that the overriding national-security importance of Great Plains justified this admittedly unprecedented approval of consumer financing. The commissioners also echoed the DOE's insistence that the expanded consortium provided "sufficient sharing of the risks and responsibilities such that no single customer will be required to bear unreasonable costs or risks."

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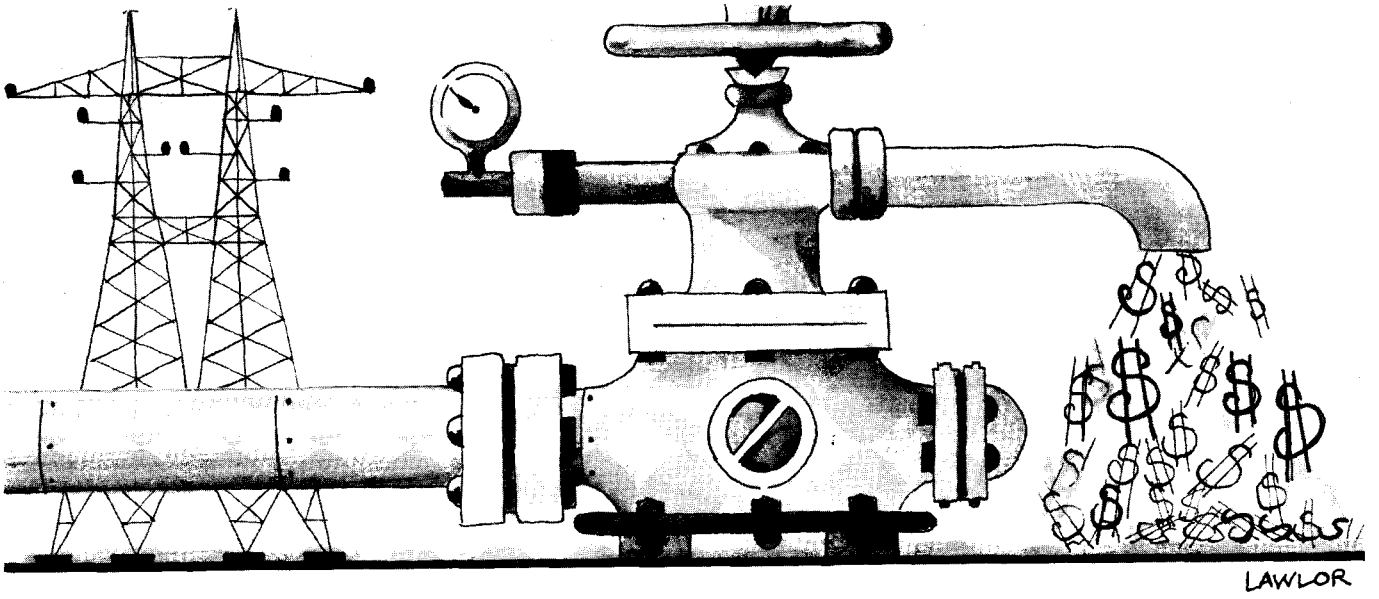

One of the consortium's largest gas customers did not agree with that assessment, however; and with millions to pay in "surcharges" and millions more to lose if the project failed, General Motors decided to challenge the FERC in the U.S. Court of Appeals. That decision, in turn, drew heavy Administration criticism and GM was portrayed in the media as a corporate giant greedily obstructing a project vital to national security. Critics were forced to eat some of their words, however, when the Ohio Consumers Counsel, the State of Michigan, and the Public Service Commission of New York all joined GM in a consumer's court challenge.

GM itself has consistently maintained that principles, rather than pecuniary considerations, are the primary motives behind its intervention. GM argued that if the project indeed provided a synfuels "insurance policy" for the nation, it should be the government, not certain gas consumers, who should pay the insurance premium. Dissenting Commissioner Holden had seen the FERC's alleged pursuit of the national interest as a dangerous "end-run around Congress [which] unnecessarily substitutes the Commission's judgment for legislative judgment"; GM regarded it as an even more devious end-run by the Federal Government around its own budget. If consumer financing were established as a precedent, the FERC's regulatory apparatus could be used to fund other energy projects. Thus, such subsidies would not appear on the government's balance sheet but, rather, would come out of consumer pockets as a hidden tax.

The strongest evidence that the Federal Government may have indeed been seeking a new form of off-budget financing for its energy projects was an announcement by the Carter Administration on November 19, 1980 that it was conditionally committing up to $1.5 billion in loan guarantees to Great Plains. Those loan guarantees came from a fund which was established under the Department of Energy Act of 1978—at the time when both the DOE and the FERC were insisting that it would be impossible to provide any government assistance to Great Plains. To be precise, Congress gave the DOE its loan-guarantee authority on February 28, 1978, four months prior to the agency's intervention before the FERC in support of consumer financing. Congress then appropriated over $2 billion for that program, and President Carter signed the program into law on November 27, 1979—the same month that the FERC dismissed the availability of government financing as "academic."

The obvious intent of the (belated) issuance of the loan guarantees was to extricate Great Plains from its legal battle with consumers and put the project onto a fast track. Immediately following the Administration's announcement, ANR requested the Appeals Court to expedite its decision on the grounds that further delay might cause the project to collapse. The court complied with astonishing speed, but to the dismay of both the DOE and ANR, it ruled that the FERC did not have the authority to regulate synthetic gas even if it were commingled with natural gas; and it therefore did not have the authority to approve consumer financing.

While the court has ruled correctly in striking down consumer financing for Great Plains, the battle is far from won. In choosing to reject consumer financing on the narrow legal point of the FERC's lack of authority over *synthetic* gas rather than on the equity of consumer financing itself, the court has left the door open for its future use. Indeed, nothing in the decision precludes *natural-gas* projects such as the $21-billion Alaskan gas pipeline from seeking consumer financing from the FERC. Nor does it necessarily preclude consumer financing for Great Plains should Congress pass legislation extending the FERC's authority to synthetic gas—as Great Plains proponents have, not surprisingly, already proposed. Finally, the Great Plains consortium apparently has refused to accept No for an answer and is currently lobbying hard at the DOE to get that agency to up its loan guarantee to $1.8 billion in the hopes that GM and the other intervenors will end their opposition to the project.

Thus consumer financing may well be invoked again as a means of funding large-scale and high-risk energy projects. It remains a handy but nonetheless hidden means of subsidizing U.S. energy development without resort to congressional debate, market rationality, or consumer sanction. □

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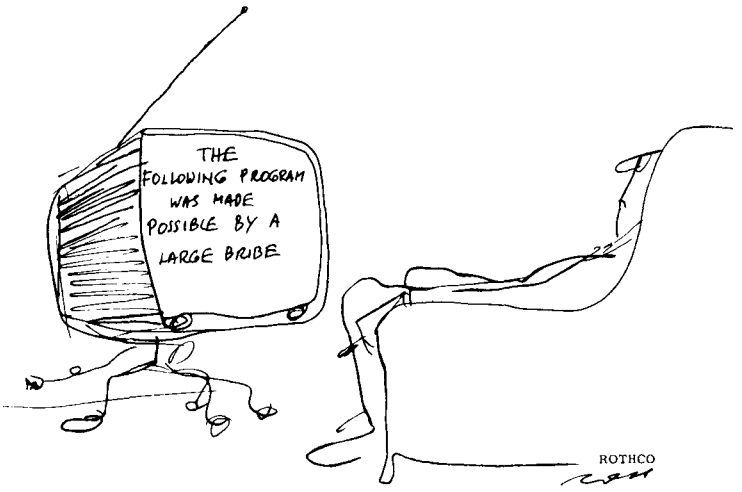
"But it was to pay Paul!"



'Spider' Brezhnev

Shall we step into his parlor?
  Shall we sit upon his knee?
Shall we titillate his feelers
  As he strokes his snickersnee?
Shall we flap mascara'd lashes
  Like a pre-World War II deb,
Or suspend the dating season
  Till we neutralize his web?

W. H. von Dreele

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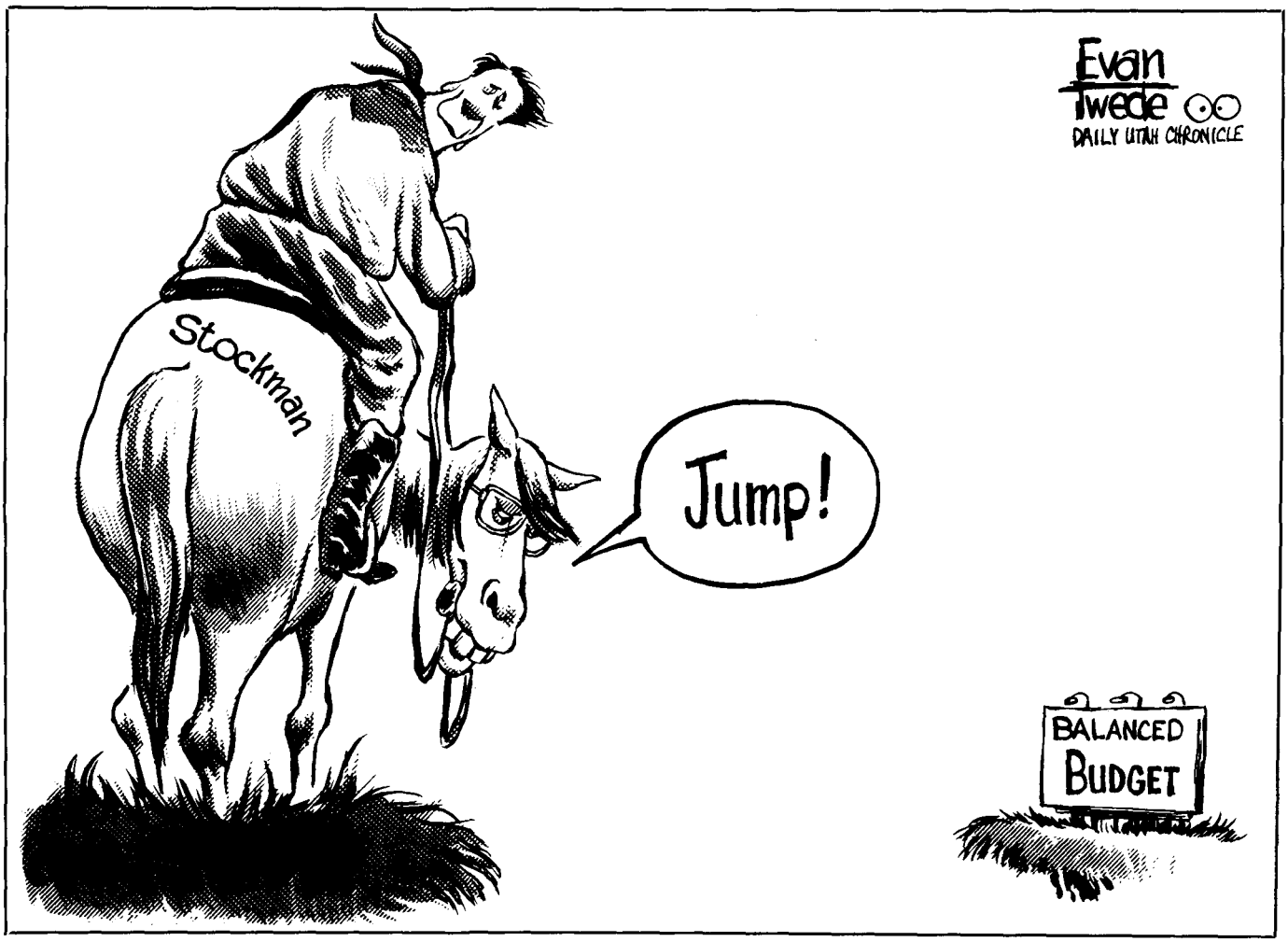

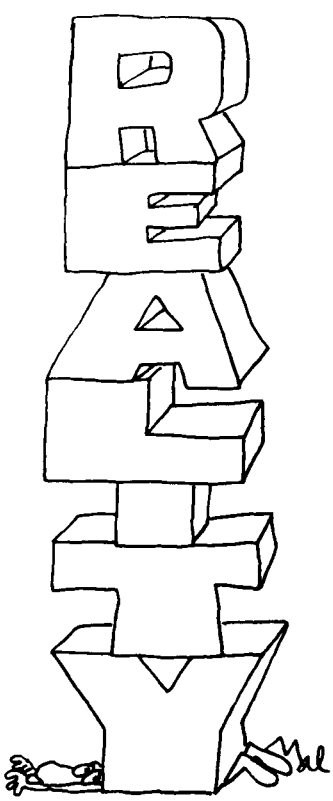

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Abroad

Gorky *Tutor to Detention*

A year ago, famed Russian scientist Andrei Sakharov was sentenced to forced detention in the provincial town of Gorky for expressing his opposition to the Communist regime. He is in fact the Soviet Union's most celebrated political prisoner. His wife, Yelena, is the only person authorized to have contact with him, and she has given the following description of the circumstances of his detention to the French weekly *l'Express*: "We are always followed in the streets of Gorky by two or three persons. If we go to the movies, a black Volga automobile with three people inside tails us. Because of these 'guardian angels,' Sakharov can't even use the telephone. When we go to the post office to try to telephone, one of the guards in civilian clothes hurries to the long-distance switchboard and the inter-city lines are immediately cut. Once Sakharov was able to outwit his shadows and telephone to the institute in Moscow where he used to work to ask his colleagues to send him scientific books he needed for his work in Gorky. The result was that they cut off the institute's telephone for three days. The same thing goes for letters. Only a part of our mail arrives, and we found out recently that the authorities often sign the receipts for registered letters addressed to us. For Andrei, there is no question of emigrating. What he wants from the West now is some material help for our adopted daughter Liza, who has been refused a visa for the United States where she wants to rejoin her fiancé. . . . After an American scientist who visited Moscow expressed anxiety about Sakharov's living conditions, my husband received a visit from three of his colleagues. The KGB thus wanted to make the West believe that he could maintain normal relations with the scientific community. . . . As for the future, I am pessimistic, as I have always been. I am pessimistic because I am convinced that our rulers always carry out to the end what they have undertaken."

Warsaw *Economic Straits*

Representatives of 15 of Poland's Western creditors met recently in Paris and will meet again at the beginning of April to see if all or part of the country's huge $25-billion debt to the West can be refinanced or otherwise more safely carried. If they fail, not only is the Polish economy threatened with immediate default in respect of those sources of money most necessary to it, but it will of necessity become enfeoffed to Soviet handouts. About one-third of the debt is owed to Western governments and two-thirds to Western commercial banks. The Poles would like the whole debt rescheduled, and the governments concerned are willing to work hard to accomplish this. The assumption is that patchwork arrangements will be made on both levels, until some general rescheduling can be worked out. But meanwhile Poland continues to seek further Western credits it needs just to keep functioning. The banks reply that they want to see exactly what the government in Warsaw can offer in the way of economic reforms and stability before advancing any further sums.

Venice *Slaughter in the Lagoon*

This year's rigorous winter has wreaked havoc with the birds that habitually shelter in the marshes and fresh-water estuaries feeding into the Venetian lagoon. Ducks and other waterfowl, unable to hide in the reeds or escape by diving because of the ice, have been shot wholesale by local hunters, even in the game preserves, and despite specific legislation protecting their quarry in freezing weather. Then, in their attempt to escape these gunners, the birds fled into the open water of the lagoon's main channels, where other marksmen, finding them in so-called free territory, attempted to complete their destruction with shot-spewing swivel-guns and other forbidden instruments of mayhem. Some of the birds belong to endangered species, and nature organizations have protested the shooting vigorously to local authorities. But there is reason to fear that effective application of the laws will only come after there are no more birds left.

London *Sinking Soho*

The famous old Bohemian quarter of Soho has undergone a startling change in recent times. The quaint restaurants and cafes, the foreign groceries, the little jumbled bookshops and studios have rapidly given way to outlets for pornography which, through the jacking up of commercial rents, have replaced the district's traditional enterprises. In the one square mile that embraces Soho there are now 164 sex shops, "adult" film theaters, and pornographic magazine stalls. The women streetwalkers that once accosted the Soho tourists, and were themselves a tourist sight, have disappeared and been replaced by male hustlers. Some observers say that the court decision twenty years ago which freed the sale of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as being a work that could not corrupt or deprave is in part responsible for the present flood of pornography.

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"If that's what's bugging the Russians, we can sure as hell add a little something to the neutron bomb to destroy property as well as personnel."

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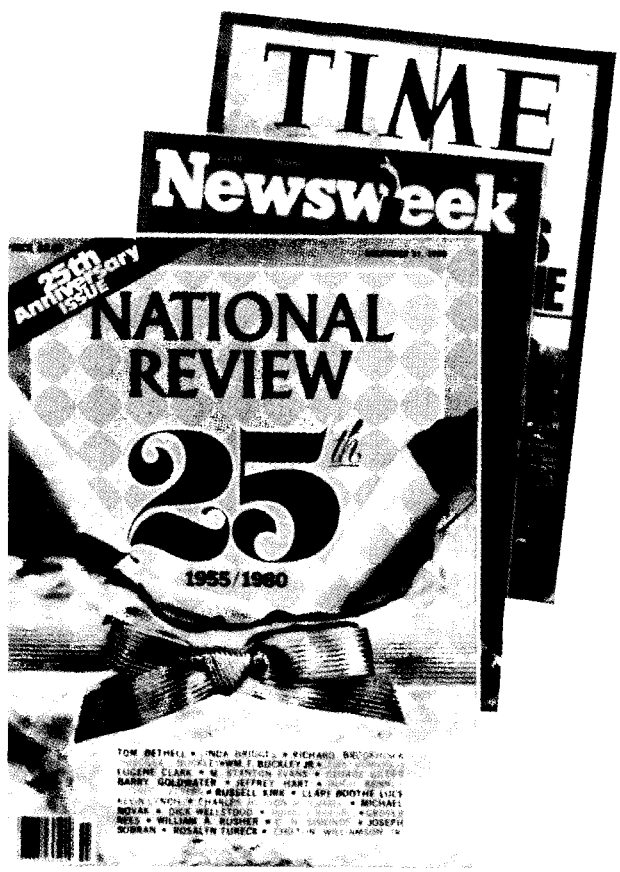
You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **What's a Nice Church like the Episcopal Doing Publishing a Sex Atlas?** By Thomas Howard
- **George Gilder: Flash in the Pan or Seminal Thinker?** A Symposium: Alan Reynolds, Irving Kristol, John Chamberlain, and J. A. Parker
- **What about the Draft?** A Conservative View by William R. Hawkins
- **The Role of the Church in Latin America.** Former Ambassador Willard L. Beaulac looks askance
- **Could the Soviet Union Collapse from Within?** It's not impossible, says Dmitry Mikheyev



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason *– they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

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STATESMEN SPEAKING

The Rhetoric of Freedom

CHARLES R. KESLER

HOWEVER the Carter Administration is remembered, it won't be for its stirring rhetoric. President Carter's speeches, like most of those of Ford, Nixon, and Johnson, fell to earth with a thud—not even with a big thud—and are hardly to be remembered. To be sure, he once declaimed on the "national malaise," but I remember that speech not because it was persuasive but because it was factitious and laughable. My only other memory of the former President's rhetoric—aside from his Farewell Address, for nothing became his speech-making like the leaving of it—was his startling announcement that "mammoth Russian troops" had invaded Afghanistan, confirming my long-standing suspicion that Soviet soldiers really are ten feet tall.

Ronald Reagan's Presidency marks a reverse in the decline of American political rhetoric, but even so happy an event will not check the plunge in the quality of congressional and judicial deliberations. To understand this decline (and the corresponding decline in American statesmanship, for great words engender and accompany great deeds), a more comprehensive viewpoint is needed. Hence the recent conference on "Rhetoric and American Statesmanship" at the University of Dallas, coordinated by Professor Glen E. Thurow of the Department of Politics and Dr. Peter W. Schramm, Western Director of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute; and sponsored collectively by ISI, the Claremont Institute for the Study of Statesmanship, and the Willmoore Kendall Program in Politics and Literature of the University of Dallas.

The point of the conference was to understand the decay of American political rhetoric, to review the tradition of rhetorical education stretching back to Plato and Aristotle, and to recover this tradition as studied and practiced by the great statesmen of America and (the subject of one paper) Great Britain. Professor Thurow and several other participants noted that nothing shows the decline of the art of rhetoric more clearly than that the word itself has become a term of disparagement: "rhetoric" now means empty or self-serving speech in fancy dress. Professors, reporters, and an increasingly cynical public routinely dismiss the words of others as a verbal disguise for ulterior motives or interests, apparently without realizing that they accuse themselves with every breath.

That the implications of this dismissal are rarely acknowledged does not render them less disturbing: it only makes them more pernicious. What such disrespect for speech implies is that reason is a mere servant of the passions, or that reason is in fact reducible to passion—that reason is but a rarefied expression of some more fundamental passion or will. It follows quickly that politics, which used to be understood to revolve around the debate over the common good, is reduced to accommodating passions or satisfying "drives," to pandering for votes or lusting for domination (we hear every day that politicians are "bidding" for our support, scrambling for "power," and so forth). As a result, the common good dissolves into a congeries of particular goods and selfish interests, and political science becomes the study of who gets what, when, and why.

More fundamentally, the inability to rise above self-interest or self-expression means that true self-government is impossible: men are slaves to their passions, are unfree or determined beings. But how is free government possible without free men? The only rhetoric suitable for those who hold man in such contempt is a rhetoric that appeals simply and basely to the passions—Madison Avenue rhetoric, so to speak, the sort that tends to prevail in American political life today.

Presidential campaigns, for example, are typically run by ad men, fine-tuned by pollsters, and conducted through reporters—which everyone knows. What is not well known, as Professor Jeffrey Tulis of Notre Dame explained in a paper of great insight, is that presidential rhetoric has deteriorated precisely as Presidents have come to see themselves as popular leaders who must appeal, directly and continually, to the people for support.

It was Woodrow Wilson who formulated this doctrine of presidential leadership, rejecting the Framers' system of separated powers in favor of a system absolutely dependent on the Executive. Since then the Framers' idea of presidential independence of the people (and of Congress) has been eclipsed by Wilson's notion of a President's mandate based upon an intimate connection to the people. Consequently, demagoguery looms as a greater danger than ever before, and Presidents tend to speak so as to obtain maximum popular exposure and maximum effect, adopting—*ta-da!*—the single-sentence paragraph as the favored means. "With single-sentence paragraphs," Tulis observed, "the President can count on getting a snappy quotation on TV, or can count on not being quoted out of context—because there is no context."

MODERN judicial rhetoric is also suffering, but in this case we see the opposite problem: context has swallowed up text. The proper role for judicial rhetoric, in the view of John Marshall and the Framers, was to teach the citizenry to revere the Constitution, to be prepared to sacrifice their particular interests to the public interest as embodied in the Constitution. Dr. Walter Berns, Resident Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, argued trenchantly that the modern Supreme Court has virtually abandoned this effort to keep the times in tune with the Constitution, in favor of keeping the Constitution in tune with the times. Which in practice, he noted, means not simply with the *New York Times* but with "*The New York Review of Books* by way of the *New York Times*." Berns concluded that the effort to make the Court a vanguard of progress by relying on "mod-

Mr. Kesler is a graduate student in political science at Harvard University.

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ern authority," social-science research, and "felt needs" in deciding cases has had the effect of politicizing the Court —to such an extent that its extravagant departures from, and transformations of, the Constitution cannot but undermine the people's respect for it.

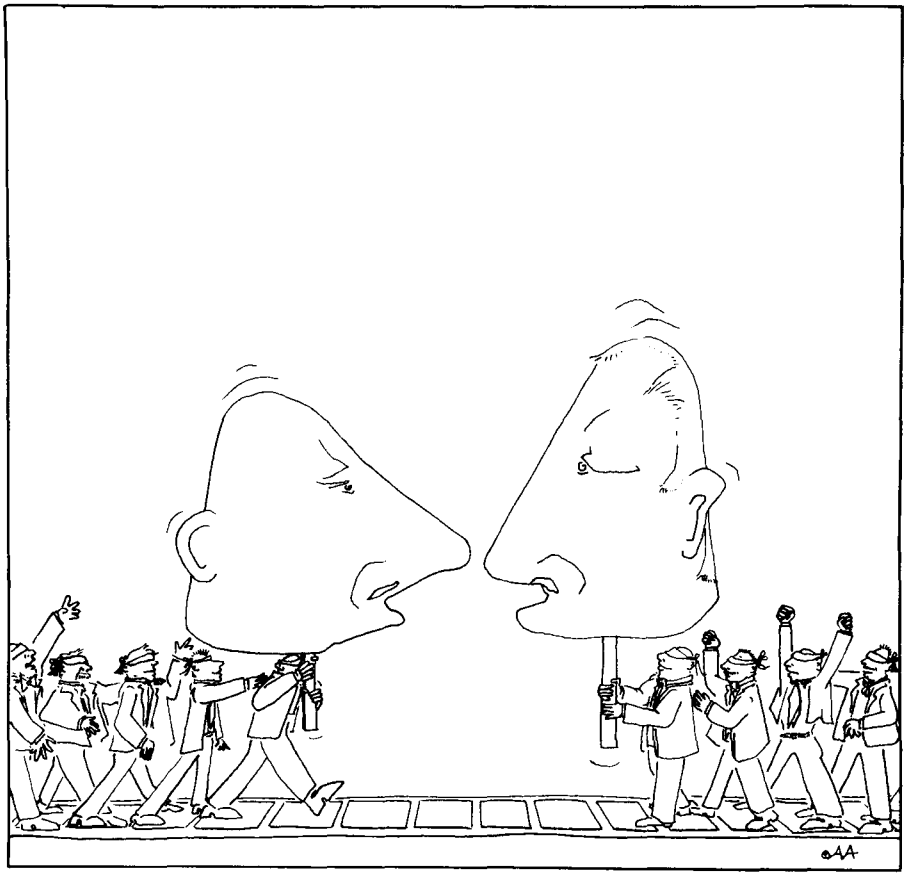
As if to mark the distance that both American political speech and the ordinary rhetoric of scholarship have fallen, Dr. Eva Brann of St. John's College and Professor Forrest McDonald of the University of Alabama presented eloquent papers on the rhetoric of two American masters, James Madison and Alexander Hamilton. Dr. Brann's interpretation of Madison's great "Memorial and Remonstrance" of 1785, his chief writing on religious liberty, was a model of subtlety, charm, and lucidity, so much so that to attempt to recapitulate it here would be foolish. But her conclusion that Madison's arguments provide a better grounding for religious pluralism than Jefferson's was challenged by Professor Carnes Lord of the University of Virginia, who urged that Madison's position was so pluralistic that it undermined the basis of pluralism, calling into question the duty of every religion to abide by the civil law.

Professor McDonald discoursed on the rhetorical art of Madison's ally and (later) foe Alexander Hamilton, though, true to the canons of ethical persuasion, he paused first to clear Hamilton's good name of the charges, first heard in the party battles of the 1790s but still ringing today in the scholarship on the Founding, that he was hypocritical, contemptuous of public opinion, and bent upon building a political system based on greed rather than on public-spiritedness. But the heart of the paper was a proof that, in his rhetoric, Hamilton was a practicing Aristotelian, to which McDonald conjoined an analysis of the peculiarities of Hamilton's eloquence—his preference for the attack, his attention to the effect of appearances or opinion, and his "awesome capacity for mastering details" (Jimmy Carter take note) without losing his "intuitive sense of the heart of a subject."

To illustrate the philosophical origins of the predicament of modern democratic rhetoric, Dr. John Zvesper of the University of East Anglia presented a thoughtful comparison of Aristotle and Thomas Hobbes on the nature of political speech—an account reinforced by the comments of Professor Harvey C. Mansfield Jr. of Harvard, who pictured modern politics as two extremes, realism and moralism, in need of a middle. Zvesper proceeded to weigh the New Deal's variegated rhetoric as an example of the possibilities inherent in moving—and shaping—a nation through speech, and of the dangers inherent in political speech dedicated to "body-coddling" or base materialism.

THE SAME issue was attacked in a different way by Dr. Thomas Silver of Public Research, Syndicated, who presented a withering critique of the scholarship of Arthur Schlesinger Jr., in the course of rehabilitating Schlesinger's and FDR's *bête noire*, Calvin Coolidge. The speeches of Coolidge are easily among the best examples of twentieth century American rhetoric, each one a deft, and sometimes beautiful, lesson in the principles of republican government. Their lack of reputation is due to Coolidge's bad reputation as the small-souled apologist for an arrogant plutocracy; and *his* bad reputation is the product of half a century of Schlesinger's and his students' ideological scholarship (often more ideology than scholarship). Tom Silver's dissertation is a ticking time-bomb that, upon publication, will reduce the prevailing interpretation of Coolidge and the Twenties to rubble, and clear the way for a whole new view of the New Deal and its effects on American politics.

As a reminder of the demands that our times may place on a free people and its leaders, Dr. Larry Arnn of Worcester College, Oxford spoke on the rhetoric of the young Winston Churchill, taking as his text Churchill's July 4, 1918 speech before the Liberty Day meeting of the Anglo-Saxon Fellowship. On that occasion he linked the Declaration of Independence with the tradition of British liberty springing from the Magna Carta, opposing the justice and civility of both to the scientific barbarism of America's and Britain's enemies. Today, when the danger to the West is greater than ever, the question is whether, like Churchill, our statesmen know how to use the rhetoric of free men to defend the philosophy of free government, for the sake of civilization itself. □



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SIBERIAN SEVEN

Waiting for Mr. Reagan

KEVIN LYNCH

A TINY ROOM in the basement of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow could soon yield some large clues to the Reagan Administration's policy toward human rights in the Soviet Union.

For more than two and one-half years the room has been the cramped home of seven Siberian Christians—five members of the Vashchenko family and two members of the Chmykhalov family—who journeyed to the Embassy back on June 27, 1978 to seek counseling about emigration from the USSR. What was intended to be a brief visit was transformed into one of the longest asylums in diplomatic history when the Soviet guards that surround the Embassy attempted to prevent the families—the Siberian Seven—from entering. But the guards only snared one member of the group, Ioann Vashchenko, one of the Vashchenkos' sons. By the time the Soviets released him 13 days later, the families had reached a pivotal decision. Certain that the authorities would punish them for their stay, they vowed to remain in the Embassy until the Soviets granted one request: permission to emigrate. Permission has yet to be granted.

While the Carter Administration, in its public utterances, professed to view the families as a Soviet problem, its actions gave the opposite impression. Instead of pressuring the Soviets to solve "their problem" by allowing the families to emigrate, the Administration pressured the families to get out of the Embassy.

After the first few days of their asylum, the Embassy increasingly limited access to the Seven to the point where only five Embassy families had permission to visit them. (This restriction was lifted only recently.) The Embassy has persistently denied all requests for television interviews with them. Since the Soviet postal system now manages to lose virtually all the mail sent the Seven, and since they, unlike many of the Soviet employees of the Embassy, are denied permission to use the diplomatic pouch, this means they are cut off from their supporters in the West.

With the Carter Administration doing such an effective job of muzzling the families, it is not surprising that the Soviets, who could have ended the problem at any time, never chose to do so. Their stock reply was: The families are an American problem. As of January 20, the Seven became Ronald Reagan's problem.

In October 1979, before he announced his candidacy, Mr. Reagan publicly acknowledged the families' existence and voiced his support for them. The question is, what will he do for them now?

The families' supporters in the U.S., led by the Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in New York City, believe the Number One priority is passage of legislation introduced by Senator Carl Levin, a liberal Democrat who has labored unstintingly on their behalf. On the occasion of the second anniversary of their stay, Levin proposed a bill to grant the Seven permanent resident status in the Embassy.

Out of No-Man's-Land

While the legislation can't liberate them—only the Soviets can do that—it will confer on the Seven the protections of the U.S. Constitution for the duration of their stay in the Embassy, thus removing them from the political no-man's-land they have inhabited these many months. It would make it difficult for the Embassy to deny them use of the diplomatic pouch for their mail, or to quarantine them from most of the Embassy personnel. It might also enable them to perform tasks around the Embassy, thereby easing their feeling of helplessness. In short, the bill would make their Embassy existence infinitely more tolerable.

Last year, Levin mobilized an impressive array of backers in the Senate, starting as high as then-Majority Leader Robert Byrd, but the bill languished in the Judiciary Committee, then chaired by Ted Kennedy. The State Department lobbied energetically against it on the ground that it would set a dangerous precedent. Anticipating this criticism, Levin had carefully tailored the bill so that it could be applied only to the Seven, but the bill never emerged from Kennedy's committee. That was last year. Now the State Department belongs to Ronald Reagan, and the GOP controls the Senate. How will the bill fare the second time around?

Howard Baker, the Republican Majority Leader, was not among the fifty senators who wrote Leonid Brezhnev last May urging him to allow the families to emigrate, or on the list of 54 Senate sponsors of the Levin bill. Strom Thurmond, the new head of the Judiciary Committee, signed the letter to Brezhnev, but he is not among the sponsors of the residency bill. Then there is Senator Charles Percy.

Shortly after the November election, Percy traveled to Moscow for what, prior to the election, had been seen as nothing more than a visit with an old friend, Ambassador Watson. The election, however, elevated Percy from ranking minority member of the Foreign Relations Committee to its chairman. Like Thurmond, Percy signed the letter to Mr. Brezhnev, but he too is not among the sponsors of the bill. Before leaving for Moscow, Percy received a briefing on the families from a former Embassy employee familiar with their situation and sympathetic to them. When he arrived in Moscow, Percy received another briefing, this one from the Embassy. To support its case, it provided Percy with a background paper that conveyed the image of an Embassy straining mightily to brighten the Seven's every waking moment.

"Since they first arrived at the Embassy in June 1978," the paper begins, "the five Vashchenkos and two Chmykhalovs have been extremely suspicious of the Embassy's and the U.S. Govern-

This is the third article NR *has published about the Vashchenko and Chmykhalov families. The first, "Down and Out in the American Embassy," was published August 31, 1979; the second, "The Guests in the Basement," March 21, 1980. Mr. Lynch is on the* NR *staff.*

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ment's motives toward them. They believed, and may continue to believe, that we are not interested in their emigration because we fear it would set a precedent and invite more asylum-seekers. We have repeatedly told them that this is not the case . . ." Perhaps the families can be forgiven their suspicions; a member of the Embassy's consular section has told a Western correspondent, in the presence of the Seven, "If we let them leave directly from the Embassy, all Siberia would descend on us."

The background paper then goes on to reiterate the Embassy line (which also happens to be the Soviet line) that the families can only pursue "their emigration by returning to their home town in Siberia, Chernogorsk." The paper does state why the families refuse to do so—they fear imprisonment—but neglects to mention how well-grounded their fears are. After a brief visit to the Embassy in 1968, Peter Vashchenko was sentenced to a year in prison and a year at hard labor, and Augustina Vashchenko, his wife, spent three years at hard labor. Having now spent about 32 months in the Embassy, the Seven naturally expect the punishment this time to be far more severe. The Embassy paper acknowledges that the Soviets may punish the Seven, but it suggests that they will hesitate to do so because, as the paper says, the "eyes of the world will be focused on Chernogorsk."

When Percy visited the families in their basement abode, it immediately became clear which side he found more persuasive. If they would sign a letter of intent to leave the Embassy and return to their homes, he said, he would intercede on their behalf with the Kremlin. Thus, not only would the eyes of the world be on Chernogorsk, the eyes of Charles Percy would be there also. The families considered his offer and then politely refused it. While Percy may consider himself expert in dealing with the Soviet Union, the families believe they are the most expert on their own situation.

As far as the Seven are concerned, there is little reason to cheer the results of the November 4 election. The GOP may control the Senate, and some GOP senators such as Mark Hatfield and Roger Jepsen have demonstrated great interest in them, but the GOP leadership is far from obsessed with their fate. In view of the situation on Capitol Hill, the position of the Reagan Administration becomes crucial. Whatever Baker, Thurmond, and Percy feel toward the Seven, one word from the White House, given the support the bill already has, would be enough to make it law.

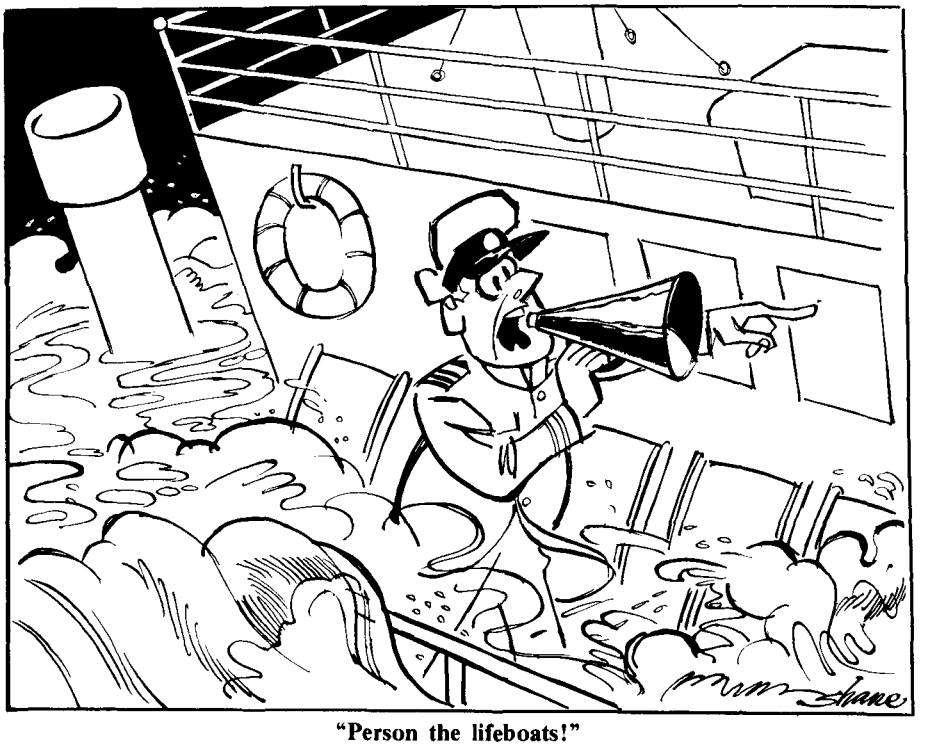
The Eyes of Europe

Meanwhile, many in Western Europe are becoming concerned about the families and their treatment at the hands of the American Government. Last fall, two European representatives of Christian Solidarity International, a religious and human-rights organization, met with State Department officials "to bring back answers to European Christians who are supporting the families." After a two-hour meeting, the representatives came away convinced that the Carter Administration would never do anything for the families that would antagonize the Soviet Union. Thereupon CSI launched a campaign to bring the case of the Seven before the Madrid conference; in the waning days of 1980, CSI headquarters in Zurich learned that the French had agreed to confront the Soviets regarding the families.

While this maneuvering takes place, the subjects of the maneuvering sit helplessly in the Embassy, wondering what will happen to them and what is happening to those whom they left behind in Chernogorsk. Peter and Augustina Vashchenko have ten children there; Maria Chmykhalov, a husband and four children. The Seven chose to stay in the Embassy at the urging of their families, but the accumulating reports of the worsening conditions back home, combined with the dismal living conditions they have endured these many months, have become close to unbearable. Though the Reagan Administration has lifted some of the strictures imposed by the previous Administration —it has eliminated the access list for visitors and has ended the ban on press interviews in their room—these changes are without the force of law that the Levin bill would provide and are themselves subject to change, by this Administration or a successor.

For the first time in their long asylum, the letters they smuggle out to the West now contain despairing hints about leaving the Embassy, as the Soviets want and as the Carter Administration wanted. If it turns out that this is what the Reagan Administration wants, the Soviets would win a victory they have sought since June 27, 1978.

The Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs will know what the Administration wants by the position it takes on the Levin bill. □



"Person the lifeboats!"

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TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

The Real Case for Human Rights

MICHAEL NOVAK

THE UNITED NATIONS *Commission on Human Rights has been treated to some unwonted home truths in the current session by chief United States delegate Michael Novak. Herewith excerpts from four of Mr. Novak's major addresses.*

1. On Antisemitism

Human rights mean respect for human beings, recognition of each other's dignity. They mean cooperation, mutuality, negotiation. They mean the voice of reason. Yet imagine my shock when, in my very first days within this Commission, I heard, as I did hear in this room, so much hatred, so many lies, such squalid racism, such despicable antisemitism—all in the sacred name of human rights.

In 1945, there were only some fifty nations in the world, and these few established the United Nations. Today there are some 160 member nations; more than one hundred new states. Among these new nations stands tiny Israel. Israel is not a land rich in resources. It is a beautiful land. Yet much of it was for centuries desert land unsuitable for agriculture, and nearly bereft of significant industries.

Overcoming all obstacles, the Israelis have built a nation to rival any in the world in its sciences, its arts, its symphonies, its free press, its institutions of just and humane procedures. When some of my distinguished colleagues attempt to portray Israel as a land without human rights, we must ask them: Compared to what? Few nations have institutions, or can exhibit to the public eye a record of humane practice, as highly developed as those of Israel.

My new delegation—and new government—have learned from history to honor the high spiritual achievement of Arab culture, the brilliance, sensitivity, and natural courtesy of so many of its citizens which we have experienced even in this room. We respect its antiquity as a sophisticated and developed culture—an antiquity of which a new nation like ours can only stand in awe. We admire the personal courage and wisdom of many Arab leaders.

Our delegation is new, but the charges heaped against Israel before this Commission are old. They have long since been aired, objectively examined, and discarded in the dustbin. The State of Israel is a fact. The Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty is a fact. The Camp David accords are a fact. These are realities to which passion must accommodate itself. They are realities which ground future advances, future hopes.

The American people deeply admire a tone of reasoned discourse, the demonstration of mutual respect, a dispassionate sense of moderation and compromise—qualities which we have often observed in the examples of Arab culture. But I am afraid that the hatred, unreason, and wildness of language manifested in this room—once they become more widely known—are unlikely to be admired by the American people. They have embarrassed, and often bored, this assembly.

2. On Terrorism

To understand the American concern with organized international terror, it is essential to understand the words of James Madison, one of the architects of the American Constitution and its Bill of Rights. Human rights, Madison forthrightly stated, are not established by writing words on paper or by moving air with one's lips. Human rights are established by building specific types of institutions of quite exact design. Human rights are established, further, when such institutions begin to live through organized, articulate, free, law-abiding interests—through free associations of every sort among a free people.

The enemies of human rights have finally grasped Madison's insight into how human rights actually are made real. They have grasped this insight not in order to realize it within their own societies, where it is absent, but to destroy it in other societies, where it has been embodied. They try to force defenders of existing human rights to abandon them in self-defense.

Where there is only terror, a Hobbesian state of nature exists—a war of all against all, murder from every side. In the years to come, my government will have more to say—and to do—on this subject. The resolution before us [on international terrorism] is like an arrow directed at an important target. Alas, the resolution falls short, and far off to one side, of the bull's-eye.

3. On Self-Determination

The agenda item we are now discussing has long been a priority of this commission. It has been called "the right of peoples to self-determination, and its application to peoples under colonial or alien domination or foreign occupation."

The words "foreign occupation" have only recently been added to the traditional phrasing. According to Lenin, socialism is never the cause of imperialism. Lenin should have lived to see this hour. For these words "foreign occupation" reflect sad developments in world affairs. It is no longer peoples subject to colonial domination who are deprived of their inalienable right to self-determination. Systems of "satellites" have been formed, invasions have been launched, and "foreign occupation" has become a new widespread reality over much of the world's surface.

Nowhere in the world has the principle of self-determination been more directly and flagrantly violated than in Afghanistan. Imagine the Afghans—a people that have immemorially resisted foreign occupation. Imagine their humiliation. Imagine their suffering during this winter. Imagine their resolve.

In December of 1979 the Soviet Union, giving way to temptation in Afghanistan, sent massive flights of airplanes, and long lines of trucks and tanks, outside the Soviet Union and onto foreign soil. The Soviet Union clumsily pretended that its troops had been invited by the government of Kabul. Unfortunately, the head of the government which was alleged to have requested Soviet assistance, Mr. Amin, was soon unavailable to testify to the accuracy of this claim. He was assassinated even as Soviet media were citing his request for Soviet assistance. His successor, Mr. Babrak Karmal, has

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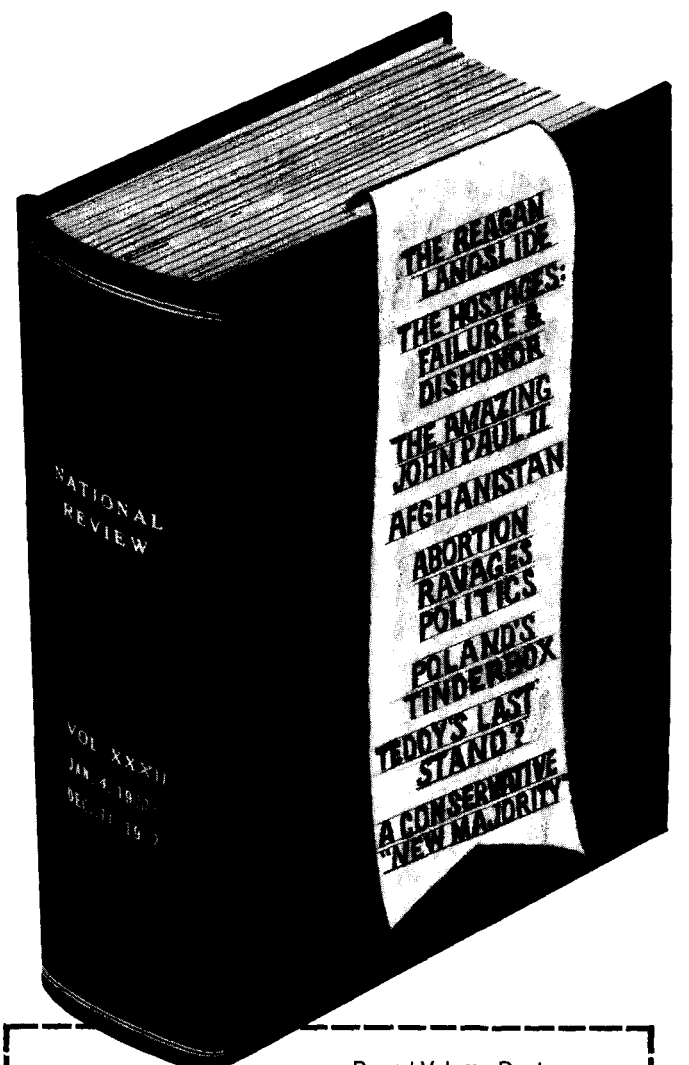

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been understandably careful not to offend the Soviets. In this situation what we must do is evident. This Commission should condemn the Soviet Union for its denial of self-determination to the Afghan people.

I turn now to the tragic situation in Southeast Asia. The brutal repression of human rights in Kampuchea has been before this Commission for several years. The case of Kampuchea now rightfully comes before us under a new agenda item of self-determination. For the tragic abuses of the human rights of the Kampuchean people continue—but now also through a denial of their fundamental right of self-determination.

The Socialist Republic of Vietnam once defended the inhumane role of the Pol Pot regime. Then it saw opportunity and claimed to be the deliverer of the Kampucheans. It has now replaced the Pol Pot regime as the persecutor of the people of Kampuchea.

The Kampucheans remain under the iron hand of an army of occupation ruling through a puppet regime. The Khmer people have no voice in their political and economic system. These abuses will not be corrected by the charade of an election run by the army of occupation, its results preordained.

The Vietnamese occupation continues in blatant violation of the UN charter. It continues in defiance of resolutions passed in the UN General Assembly by overwhelming majorities of the UN membership. It continues in contempt of the most recent demand by the foreign ministers of the nonaligned nations meeting in New Delhi. It continues in betrayal of all ideals of national liberation.

My delegation will support resolutions that call for withdrawal of forces of occupation from Afghanistan and from Kampuchea. We urge the new colonialist powers from which these forces originate to comply with these resolutions and with previous resolutions of the United Nations General Assembly and Security Council. We urge these nations to return to their often-stated ideals about national liberation.

4. On the Right to Development

Mr. Chairman, in addressing this item, my delegation finds it useful to translate the phrase "right to development" into terms rooted in our own experience. We are quite conscious of the fact that only two hundred years ago, our nation was a colony of a great European power. Our population numbered four million. Even one hundred years ago, we were a poor nation, full of promise, but quite undeveloped. In 1881, there were no airplanes, automobiles, electric lights, radios. The poverty of our frontier settlements and even of most of our cities was legendary. In 1881, no one spoke of a "right to development." But our nation had an opportunity to develop, perhaps even a responsibility to develop.

©Frans de Boer, Amsterdam

Development is an idea—an idea which entered the history of nations only in relatively recent times. When Julius Caesar first came to Geneva, he came by conveyances not much different from those used in every century afterwards until the early nineteenth century. Only then did the first steam railroad come into existence. Between Caesar's time and the year 1800, economic development occurred but only slowly. There was not much new under the sun.

Poverty and lack of development have been the main fact of human history. The first "inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of nations" did not occur until Adam Smith undertook it in 1776. Smith may properly be called the father of the idea of international economic development. Much, to be sure, has been learned since then. But his work was the decisive breakthrough. Wealth does have causes. Wealth can be created. The human race can learn how to escape from famine, misery, ignorance, and fear.

The fundamental purpose of democratic capitalism—the vision that sustains my nation and a score of others—is to reduce the material suffering of all mankind, to increase the wealth of all nations, so that all individuals may use their freedom as they choose.

In this Commission we have heard transnational corporations maligned. But no single institution has been so responsible for the great leap forward of economic development in this century as the private business corporation. The state is not the only instrument of development. Private individuals in voluntary association can also meet social challenges, pursue social goals, and heighten the common good. We have heard distinguished delegates in this room speak of "obscene profits." Are we to understand that losses are virtuous? Where there are no profits, there can be only losses or stagnation. But these are the exact opposite of development. Development itself is a form of profit—a reasonable return on investments made, a reasonable growth, a reasonable surge forward. On the whole, an economy without profit is an economy without development.

Our national road to development lay in trusting economic liberty first, in unleashing human energies from which bread—and more than bread—came. More often than not, totalitarians who take away political and civil rights in the name of bread produce less and less bread and—in addition—never do restore the rights they have usurped. In our close observation of the nations, we see that totalitarianism produces bread as poorly as it produces civil and political liberties.

No socialist nation on the Soviet model has yet experienced a revolution of political and civil rights in the direction of democracy. But other nations have. We believe that when citizens have economic liberties, inevitable pressures lead toward greater political and civil liberties. This is precisely why totalitarian regimes are stubbornly opposed to economic liberties. Their economies stagnate under strangling and suffocating bureaucracies, but they do not dare to bestow economic liberties—for in their train all other liberties follow. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Self-Exposure

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

Self-Destruction: The Disintegration and Decay of the United States Army during the Vietnam Era
By Cincinnatus
Norton, 288 pp., $15.95

"Sir," replied Dr. Johnson to a young writer who had forwarded the sage a manuscript for review, "I find your work to be both original and good; however, the part that is original is not good, and the part that is good is not original."

So it is with *Self-Destruction* by the pseudonymous Cincinnatus, who "entered service as a private in Korea and rose through the ranks to become a senior field grade officer" (that means colonel) now assigned to the Pentagon. The author makes cases that have been made better earlier and elsewhere (most notably in *Crisis in Command*, reviewed in *NR* September 29, 1978), commits factual and research errors that can only lead one to question his general competence, and justifies his efforts by presenting a new thesis: that the "disaster in Vietnam grew out of ineptitude at the top" of the military and was not the result of "political softness and social unrest." To prove this point, Cincinnatus emphasizes the mistakes made by the Army in Vietnam (and mistakes there were) and completely ignores the political mandate under which the military was forced to operate. At bottom, the book is—and this is a word I have not used in print before—deceitful.

I am afflicted with a compulsive, working-class respect for words bound between hard covers; I have in my life failed to finish reading only three books: *Robin Hood*, Earl Warren's autobiography, and a third whose name I dare not speak if I wish to continue writing for this journal. Nevertheless, I would not have finished this belligerently overpriced little essay (16 bucks for 169 pages of actual text) if I weren't being paid for my trouble. Honest, intelligent, and balanced criticism of the military by its own members ultimately serves the interests of the nation. But Cincinnatus has written precisely the sort of book that is pointed to by insecure military leaders when they seek to justify official constraints upon military members who "speak out."

The author states his thesis early on —the Army lost the Vietnam War— and then proceeds with an energetic critique of the tactics and strategies used in Vietnam. Nowhere, however, does he attempt to show *how* these strategies resulted in our defeat. At best, he shows how some of the things the military was commissioned to do could have been done better, faster, cheaper. He fails utterly to take into consideration the change in the nature of the war that followed the Tet Offensive, during which—contrary to what you read at the time in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*—the back of the Vietcong was broken. From that point onward, virtually all major engagements were set-piece battles matching regular North Vietnamese invaders against U.S. units, battles that we won and that, in conjunction with the bombing of the

Jane Larkin Crain *is a freelance critic who has written for the* New York Times, Commentary, *and* NR. . . . **Nicholas King**, *a former UPI man, is the author of* George Bush: A Biography. . . . **Major Joseph A. Rehyansky**, *now a judge advocate, served in Vietnam with the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment.* . . . **Ralph de Toledano** *is a novelist, essayist, columnist, poet, and critic.*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST APRIL TITLES: Richard Ford's second novel is *The Ultimate Good Luck* (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95)—about a Viet vet, cocaine-running, and organized crime, and set in Louisiana and Mexico. (Ford's first novel was the quite fine *A Piece of My Heart.*) . . . Leonard Michaels, author of two collections of stories, has written his first novel, *The Men's Club* (Farrar, $9.95), about the drunken self-revelations of seven men meeting to start a club.

Thomas Merton's Dark Path: The Inner Experience of a Contemplative (Farrar, $12.95), by William H. Shannon, is an excellent study of the man and his work, which treats Merton as a spiritual descendant of Meister Eckhart and John of the Cross—men who sought to "put out the light of the intellect."

■ AMERICANA: Malcolm Clark Jr.'s *Eden Seekers: The Settlement of Oregon, 1818-1862* (Houghton Mifflin, $15) is an excellent account of an interesting aspect of frontier history. Clark has based his book chiefly on primary sources, and is as skillful with social as with political history. . . . *Wilderness Rivers of America* (Abrams, $40), by Michael Jenkinson, is an exploration of 11 rivers in Alaska, Canada, and the Lower Forty-Eight. It is sumptuously illustrated with 199 color photographs.

■ MORE MAY TITLES: Robert Scheer, who may have thought his *Playboy* interview with Reagan last summer clinched things for the Democrats, is now wondering *What Happened? The Story of Election 1980* (Random House, $14.95). . . . James L. Tyson, author of *Target America: The Influence of Communist Propaganda on the U.S. Media* (Regnery, $10.95), is not afraid to examine recent crises in American foreign and domestic matters, and to draw some (hitherto?) unfashionable conclusions. . . . *Borodin: Stalin's Man in China* (Harvard, $25), by Dan N. Jacobs, is the story of the Comintern agent who was sent by Stalin to play Lafayette to Sun-yat Sen, failed ostentatiously, and ended his days in a camp in Siberia. —CW

North (unwisely limited though it was), had brought the enemy to its knees by the end of 1972. If all you had ever read about the Vietnam War was Cincinnatus's book, you would never even suspect that the Paris peace accords had been signed, let alone that they called for a ceasefire in place with a hundred thousand enemy troops remaining in the South, who could be resupplied, reinforced, and replaced thanks to the Ho Chi Minh Trail. General Westmoreland wanted to destroy this route as early as 1967; by the time of the last North Vietnamese offensive in 1975, it had become a four-lane blacktop highway.

For all a reader can glean from this book, North Vietnam never violated the peace accords. Nor did Watergate and the War Powers Act paralyze the Executive authority of the United States just when a resumption of the bombing of the North would have been most efficacious. Instead, we learn of the corruption and weakness of the South Vietnamese following the departure of U.S. personnel, though there is no mention of the unpleasant fact that President Thieu was forced to ration ammunition after we stopped sending supplies. Despite a limit of *one* hand grenade and 85 rifle bullets (an M-16 fires about ten rounds a second) per man per *month*, the six hundred gallant South Vietnamese of the 18th Division, trapped at Xuan Loc in April 1975, fought to destruction rather than surrender to the ten thousand fully equipped North Vietnamese besieging the city.

Such mundane matters escape the attention of Cincinnatus. He wants instead to discuss our morally bankrupt dependence on unreliable "body counts" as indicators of success. All right, let's talk about that. The precise origin of the term is lost to history, but it came into use this way: In the mid-1960s the press (before it became the media) grew skeptical over the enemy casualty figures the Army was releasing. At one press conference, a beleaguered Public Information Officer finally said something like, "Well, the actual enemy body count for the operation was . . ." The pencils scratched, the words were underlined. A term was born. So much for the genesis of this admittedly ugly phrase. As to the reliability of the numbers, Cincinnatus recites the conventional wisdom that our body counts were grossly exaggerated by subordinate commanders to please their superiors. He seems not to know that, in 1969, General Giap told the Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci that he had lost 500,000 men in the South—a figure that squared well with our estimates up to that time.

Turning to the Mylai massacre, Cincinnatus, who sees this horrible atrocity as a natural result of our immorality and incompetence, says, "First Lieutenant (later Captain) William Calley was . . . found guilty of having been responsible for the murder of at least 102 'Oriental human beings.'" Calley was a second lieutenant when the murders occurred. He was routinely promoted to first lieutenant before the incident surfaced and was disposed of by court-martial. He never served in the grade of captain. And he was convicted—I have the final appellate decision before me—of 22 murders. I mention these facts not to mitigate what Calley did (I believe he should have been put to death) but to call attention to the incompetence of Cincinnatus. Elsewhere, he refers to a book now "in preparation," George Prugh's *Law at War—Vietnam, 1964-1973.* I read this monograph when it was published, almost six years ago.

I could go on. There are, along the way, worthwhile discussions of important issues: problems the Army has with its professional evaluation scheme, internal ethics and candor, assignment ticket-punching and "careerism" as contrasted to "professionalism." But the little he has to say that is on target fails to redeem the rest of the book, a book that, in sum, reeks of mendacity, superficiality, and bile. □

Land of Savagery, Land of Promise: The European Image of the American Frontier
By Ray Allen Billington
Norton, 364 pp., $18.95

WESTWARD OUI!

NICHOLAS KING

Anyone who has watched miniature cowboys training licorice six-shooters on Indians hiding in the Vergilian thickets of the Bois de Boulogne knows how powerful a grip the Wild West has laid on the European imagination. After two centuries, that grip is as strong as it ever was, or stronger. The Wild West is still being exported to the Old World,

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as every blue-jeaned haunch from the Atlantic to the Urals attests. It's their America—the best of it—and always was.

The American wilderness and the Indians who possessed it were already an old story when the United States came into being at the end of the eighteenth century. Columbus had brought back the original dazzling redskins, and sweet Pocahantas languished, in ruff and stomacher, at the court of James I. But the adventure, and gain, that the frontier came to represent for Everyman had to await the birth of the new nation dedicated to egalitarian enrichment.

Romance as usual came first. The early Europeans who visited the young republic decorated the eastern littoral of the country with neo-classical heroes like Chateaubriand's Atala. And then came James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking and Deerslayer to feed nineteenth century Europe's romantic high. But it was not until the pioneers burst over the Appalachians into the Great Plains that the Wild West really got under way. The legend—or, as Professor Billington keeps calling it, the image—needed space for ambushes and massacres, open settlements for the arrow and the torch, rickety barrooms for fistfights and Colt-drawing, and lonely trees along the endless road for the stringing up of the victims of Judge Lynch.

The European public was enthusiastic. The penny-dreadfuls fell from the presses by the wagonload, scribbled by literary fortune-hunters—English, French, German, and even Polish and Hungarian—who traveled through the western half of North America noting and heightening local color. These popular works were matched on a supposedly higher level of education, if not of appeal, by a stream of "letter" books and chronicles by gentleman and lady voyagers, who looked out from rickety inns and verminous stagecoaches to register that mixture of disdain for the manners and admiration of the scenery which has been the hallmark of the European tourist ever since.

The Indians themselves were the first focus of attention. The painter George Catlin delighted Louis Philippe with his "Indian Shows," which featured not only his portraits of Indian life but real, live redskins led by Chief White Cloud, who rigged up an archery range in the Tuileries Palace and strolled

along the embankments of the Seine followed by enraptured Parisians.

The cowboy later replaced the Indian as the principal landscape figure, especially after the astonishing success of Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West turns in Victorian England. The cowboy, who was originally no more than a squatter and usually an outcast in frontier society, improved his stature vastly in the public mind. This stature culminated in the noble stoic of Owen Wister's "Virginian," a man of forbearance and mercy, yet ever quick to avenge slighted honor. This was the crown of the folk hero, all that was needed to settle him permanently within the comfortable precincts of middle-class perception.

For all that, the ever-present savagery of the frontier was never forgotten; it was necessary for the spell of the legend. Savagery may have been tamed, transformed, or sublimated, totemized, archetyped, and all the rest, but that little French boy in sombrero and chaps, tripping over his pointed boots, still sings the song of the bullet when he pulls his make-believe trigger.

Professor Billington, an old frontier-history hand, makes an interesting point about the immense effect Wild West literature had on the European public in attracting them to migrate there. For along with the sagas of violence went tales of wide-open spaces, free or cheap land, and above all the liberty and opportunity to find one's own economic place in the sun. Some states even had recruiting agents who, in anticipation of the territorial salesmanship of our own day, painted the glories of homesteading in freedom on the prairie. Many are the colonies of Germans and Swedes and Norwegians in the Dakotas and other Plains states which owe their origin to this mode of selling the West.

The author brings many threads together in his account of the frontier's attraction for Europe, but he places perhaps too little emphasis on the spur of political oppression at home. It was to flee the autocrats of Europe and their tax collectors that the immigrants headed for new horizons, as much as to discover what the horizons held. The heave toward the New World got a mighty assist, for example, from the waves of revolution and reaction that swept Europe in 1848.

Furthermore, Billington seems somewhat obsessed by the idea of "image-making" (a phrase he uses ad nauseam) among the Europeans by the writers he describes. Images there were indeed, but they were no more than the likenesses of facts and ideas; things, in brief, far more important than what this piece of jargon now communicates. Curiously, his own images, in the form of the pictures in this book, are downright disappointing—stereotypical thriller graphics—especially when the chance for imaginative illustration was so great.

These trivialities aside, this is a welcome survey of a subject of inexhaustible instruction, amusement, and political importance on both sides of the Atlantic. □

Growing Up Free: Raising Your Child in the '80s
By Letty Cottin Pogrebin
McGraw-Hill, 641 pp., $15.95

GROWING UP ABSURD

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

One of the most indefatigable of the Women's Liberation stalwarts, Letty Cottin Pogrebin is a founding editor of *Ms.* magazine, a regular contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a frequent lecturer, a consultant to the New York City school system and sundry day-care centers, and author of two enthusiastically received books on working women. In her latest offering, *Growing Up Free*, hailed by Benjamin Spock as "an

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essential, practical guide," she presents a child-care treatise in the feminist mode, the aim of which is to stamp out "sex stereotyping" of America's youth and thus usher in a new era of freedom and "happiness" for all.

Growing Up Free is, in fact, a blueprint for salvation: "Children and adults alike . . . should reach beyond the clichés of gender to discover who we are, what we really feel, and how happy we can be." Written in a manic, breakneck style, full of ladies'-magazine checklists and "how-to" pep talks, encrusted with the trappings of library work (the author used data banks at the University of Pittsburgh for her research, and the book has 78 pages of footnotes), larded with popularizing lucubrations on Freudianism, religion, and psychology, this book leaves virtually no stone of family experience unturned. The author races breathlessly forward through a field of topics that includes, among other things, interior decoration of the nursery, "non-sexist" apportionment of household space, marital relations, nudity, bedwetting, sports, homosexuality, movies, television, toys, housework, discipline, toilet training, children's clothing, "non-sexist" language, friendships, summer camps, curricula, birthday parties, and textbooks.

THROUGHOUT its punishing length, and underneath its blizzard of detail and "scholarly" mustering of "expert" support, *Growing Up Free* clings tenaciously to its one certainty, which is that human beings have been brainwashed from time immemorial to swallow the lie that "Boys are Better. Girls are Meant to be Mothers." It is the deadly program of male supremacy and compulsory motherhood that we inculcate in our children from the cradle: "In order for the system to perpetuate itself, children must be trained to play their proper roles and to believe the system natural and just."

Like her comrades, the author sees the revolution starting in the nurseries and sculleries of America. For the purposes of this particular book, where the emphasis is on the hearts and minds of the young, the familiar litany of women's-liberation protests against domesticity is recast in terms of mothers and fathers providing positive "role models" for their offspring. Thus, it is for their *daughters'* sakes that mothers must

work outside the home, because it has been "proven" that "daughters of employed mothers . . . have greater educational and career aspirations and higher academic achievement . . ." By the same token, it's imperative that fathers throw off their role of lord and master, start cooking, cleaning, and changing diapers, and learn how to show weakness and fear, to save their sons from a legacy of "war, aggression, crime, murder, suicide, and diseases to which males are particularly vulnerable, more sexual pressure on women, more alcoholism, more autism and retardation . . . More of everything, in short, that men do, make, suffer, inflict, and consume."

Alas, adherents of this antic view of life are by no means restricted to a band of cultural extremists. Even the most mainstream of child-care authorities—among them Lee Salk, T. Berry Brazelton, and Benjamin Spock—pay obeisance to what finally boils down to a call for androgyny. It is not enough that fathers change an occasional diaper, wash a dish now and then, take over the 2 A.M. feeding once in a while, or, as they do instinctively, continue to love and provide for their wives and children. They must reorient their lives away from jobs and careers, and commit themselves to the dailiness of domesticity. Also, in terms of what is actually to be done to children, current wisdom now has it that little girls must be enjoined at every opportunity to conquer male provinces when they grow up; little boys must be conditioned to cultivate the "feminine" side of their natures, and shun the paths of dominance and aggression. As for mother, she really has no particular role to play anymore, in this view of things. The word "mother" itself is becoming obsolete, being replaced by such euphonies as "parent," "primary caregiver," and "chief nurturing figure."

In one of the most telling and extraordinary sections of *Growing Up Free*, Mrs. Pogrebin addresses herself to what the traditionalists among us might most fear from a world in which age-old realities of masculinity and femininity have been obliterated, namely, that this might visit psycho-sexual disturbance, most dangerously in the form of homosexuality, on our children. Not to worry, the author exhorts us. "Homophobia [which amounts to "contempt for everything female"], not homosexuality, is the disease of our times." "Our fear of lesbianism for our daughters," she continues, "may simply be fear of female freedom and selfhood." And as for our sons, she implies, far better that they should be homosexual than domineering and tyrannical victimizers of women.

In fact, to endorse or champion homosexuality, at least in the way Mrs. Pogrebin does it, is precisely to denigrate all the values and qualities of masculinity. It is at this point, in her hostility toward and dread of maleness, that the author's hidden agenda begins to make itself clear. All her protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no way to raise a child in opposition to his natural sexual predispositions without doing violence to that child. The "non-sexist" approach to child-rearing, touted in this book as a movement of liberation and as being fully attentive to the individuality of all, is in fact a systematic program for the emasculation of little boys and their fathers.

VERY EARLY ON in *Growing Up Free* one realizes that the author in fact cares little for children. Her utopia is very much a place of government-funded day-care centers, where no sentient being would need to slog through the miserable and soul-sapping business of taking care of her own offspring. To Mrs. Pogrebin, at this stage of the game, children are most importantly pawns in an ideological war. The world of the future, if she has her way, will take its form from the classic dystopias envisioned by writers such as Orwell and Huxley who have imagined what human

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life would look like if, in a triumph of totalitarianism, the very bedrock of human nature itself were destroyed. Understanding that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, Mrs. Pogrebin also understands how children can be used as instruments for social change. □

The Search for Alexander
By Robin Lane Fox
Little, Brown, 458 pp., $24.95

The Search for Alexander—
An Exhibition
New York Graphic Society, 192 pp., $22.50; paperback, $12.95

MILES TO GO

RUTH BERENSON

The simultaneous publication of two books with the same title could only be the result of a publishing booboo or a PR man's gimmick. In this case it's the latter, a three-way promotion of the new blockbuster traveling exhibition, *The Search for Alexander*, jointly sponsored by Time, Inc. and the Greek government; the exhibition catalogue; and Robin Lane Fox's new biography of Alexander the Great. Neither the exhibition nor the otherwise admirable catalogue really merits the title, for, aside from coins and portrait busts, most of which date from long after the hero's death though they certainly reflect earlier models, neither has much to do with Alexander. One can only assume that the enterprise had to have an intriguing label to attract crowds likely to stay away from something with a title like *Macedonian Art of the Hellenistic Age*—which would be far more fitting.

But the title really does apply to Mr. Fox's lavishly illustrated book, which assembles in sometimes exhausting detail all the known facts as well as the conjectures and controversies that have grown up around the near-mythical Alexander over the centuries. To the material contained in his earlier biography, Mr. Fox has added an account of the astonishing archaeological discoveries made in recent years, both in Macedonia itself (these are covered more thoroughly in the exhibition and its catalogue), and in Kurdistan and Afghanistan before those hapless countries were torn apart.

Macedon, Alexander's birthplace, has been a controversial slice of the world ever since Philip II, his father, used it as a springboard to subdue Athens and the other city-states to the south in 338 B.C. Later writers described it as a land of barbarians, even though Macedonians worshipped Greek gods, spoke a Greek dialect, and, so far as we know, were of similar ethnic composition to the southern Greeks. Today Macedonia is inhabited by a mix that includes Greeks, Bulgars, Turks, and Montenegrins; in the stormy years after the war there was a strong "Macedonia for the Macedonians" movement. Now it is partitioned among Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece, with the latter (according to an acerbic article on the book, the exhibition, and the catalogue by Peter Green in *The New York Review of Books*) particularly intent on justifying its sovereignty. Professor Green contends that the government of Prime Minister Konstantin Karamanlis sponsored the exhibition not to demonstrate its support of scholarly endeavor but to prove "the *Greekness* of Macedonia" (his italics), and even accuses it of bringing pressure on "non-Greek participants in the organization of the exhibition . . . to tone down or omit statements that did not accord with the government line."

These accusations pose a dilemma for the viewer who is not content simply to look but wants to understand what he is looking at—for the authors of the catalogue essays, whose claims to scholarship seem as impeccable as Professor Green's, are strongly committed to the theory that in ancient times Macedonian culture was purely Greek; that by the fourth century, Pella, its capital, rivaled the cities of the south as a center of learning and art (even though its main intellectual lights, such as Aristotle, who tutored young Alexander, came from Athens or elsewhere); and that it was Macedon, in the years after Alexander's death, that served as a conduit of Greek civilization not only to the East but also to Egypt and Rome.

Their evidence for this comes mainly from the spectacular archaeological discoveries made in Macedonia since the end of World War II. Excavations of fourth century Pella reveal that, unlike Athenians, who frowned on architectural display, upper-class Macedonians occupied spacious villas with courtyards, guest rooms, and reception halls; their floors were decorated with intricate mosaics, and their walls, indoors and out, were plastered and frescoed with architectural motifs nearly identical to the style seen in Pompeian houses of the first century B.C., whose origins have long perplexed scholars.

As to the tombs of Vergina, near the ancient city of Aigai, it would seem that ancient Macedonians lavished as much care on their dead as the Egyptians, whether they were buried in simple cist graves (rectangular chambers roofed with limestone slabs) or, for the rich, monumental structures shaped like temples. All were furnished with a variety of objects to ensure that in the next world the occupant would be an equal of the gods.

By far the most extraordinary of the tombs were those uncovered by Manilos Andronikos, Professor of Archaeology at the University of Thessalonike, in 1977. He had long suspected that the great tumulus at Vergina, perhaps an uncompleted pyramid, might contain the graves of Macedon's royal house, but he was unprepared for the marvels he unearthed; his account of his discovery recalls that of the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen. He found two sepulchers (plus a third whose excavation is not yet complete). The first, which had been looted in antiquity, was adorned with a fresco painting of Pluto and Persephone, painted in free, flowing brushstrokes, its colors hardly faded; he thinks it the work of a great artist, possibly Nikomedes, who is named in fourth century literary sources as one of the most gifted painters of the time. The second tomb, like Tutankhamen's, was still intact. Its exterior was also frescoed, this time with a vivid hunting scene that strikingly recalls the famous

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mosaic of the *Battle of Alexander and Darius* found in Pompeii, which, until now, has been our only clue to what monumental Greek painting looked like. Thus the Vergina frescoes, undoubted fourth century originals, seem, almost literally, gifts from the gods.

The contents of the large tomb, many of them on view in the exhibition, proved just as exciting. Among them was a gold larnax, or casket. Its lid was adorned with the sunburst that was the emblem of Macedonian kings, and it contained, wrapped in a cloth of gold and purple, the bones of a man in his forties. There were also a wreath of oak leaves and acorns in beaten gold; a diadem of gilded silver whose size could be adjusted to fit the head and which seems identical to that worn by Alexander in a bust from Upper Egypt, and a pair of greaves (leg armor), one of which is considerably shorter than the other.

Who was buried here? The tomb's rich contents, its elaborate concealment, and the presence of two tiny ivory heads, one clearly a portrait of Alexander, the other just as evidently one of his father, Philip II, narrow the identification process. It cannot be Alexander's, for he was only 33 when he died (of drink and cirrhosis of the liver, according to a recent diagnosis), and he was buried in the city he had founded, Alexandria. Nor does it seem likely that it belonged to his uncle, Philip III, who was epileptic and mentally defective and hardly merited such a lavish interment. Professor Andronikos is led to conclude, albeit still tentatively, that the man buried here can be nobody but Philip II, who was murdered when he was 46 and whose leg was injured when he fell from a horse. Greek archaeologists must continue their search for Alexander—but it is a source of wonder that they may have turned up his famous father. In the meantime, Americans searching for Alexander would do well to begin with Mr. Fox's book. □

POETRY

A SMALL OBITUARY

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken . . . not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion . . . has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry."

So Matthew Arnold in 1880.

But would he see the same future today? The chances are that he would not. For though poets in our time are as competent as those contemporaneous with Arnold, though they use and abuse language as faithfully, though they secrete their purpose as coldly and passionately—they are in a very real sense nonexistent.

Euterpe has become a non-person.

As music must strike the ear to be more than fluctuating wave-lengths and decibels, so poetry must reach the eye if it is to be more than paper and print. It is the case of the crashing tree in the deserted forest—or worse, since the dying tree, however unheard, is fulfilling a function, whereas much of poetry in our time is born without midwife, reader, or critic to spank it into life. Even yesterday's newspaper is a more significant singer, since it has however briefly touched on man's mortal preoccupations.

The plethora of "little" magazines would seem to say otherwise. In fact, though, where once those magazines, particularly during the literary "renascence" of the twentieth century's second and third decades, stirred their larger contemporaries, the current crop is of consequence only to cataloguers and to a coterie that turns the pages in search of its own product. Recall the high excitement and the controversy over the Imagist manifesto—and the point is made. The non-person status of today's poet derives from his loss of function. For a poem is an equation; no matter how rich the variables, it adds up to nothing if one factor is zero.

Mark Van Doren may not have been positing that point when he used to tell his classes at Columbia that the measure of a poet could be taken by the number of lines that are quoted from his *opera*. He had something else in mind, but truth sometimes squeezes through the interstices of thinking to show itself plain. That the lines are quoted means that they have been read and have entered the consciousness of readers. The equation is completed, and poetry exists.

What then will the critics of the future, when they make an assessment of our time, be forced to focus on? If they are honest, they will turn to the doggerel of Rod McKuen, however much he may have been ignored by our literary *aristoi*, and to such versifiers as Erica Jong, whose body of work tends to be little more than another installment in that endless soap opera, "A Jewish Girl in Search of a Psychiatrist." They are less than poetasters, but they are read and so are "makers"—the Greek root of the word poetry.

Now, it can be argued, and T. S. Eliot has argued it, that poetry is a form of concealment—like the return of Odysseus to Penelope, in which the discovery of his identity is left to Eurychea, a humble serving-woman. But this concealment, in Eliot's sense, is a form of revelation, and the argument goes more to the methodology than to any apologia for the vacuum in which poetry attempts to exist today. It is easy enough to justify that vacuum by recalling that Wallace Stevens's *Harmonium* sold only two hundred copies in the ten years that

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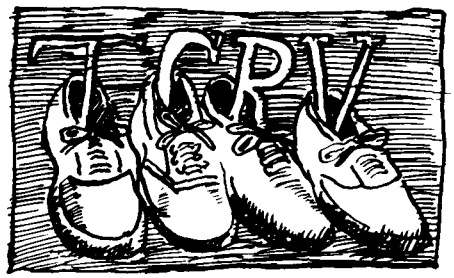
followed its appearance, or that T. S. Eliot's and E. E. Cummings's first books of verse were published only because friends or the poets themselves financed publication.

But this begs the question. The fact is that those poems *were* published—and in the context of the steady publication of the work of other poets—that they were reviewed and discussed and made their impact on readers and on the poetic process of their time. However few copies were sold and whoever made them available for sale, they entered the stream of poetic discourse and the literary consciousness. No poet writing after "Prufrock" could ignore Eliot, and no person taking the literary experience seriously could be unaware of Eliot's existence. Stevens and Cummings and Eliot had been injected into the bloodstream of literature.

Book publishers—who spoke of a "book industry" then?—may have favored the "wrong" poets, but they recognized the significance of poetry as a part of the world of letters and the publication of poetry as a professional imperative. Magazines published verse, both good and bad, as a matter of course. The literary supplements did not consider reviews of poetry a waste of space. Poetry was read and memorized in grammar and secondary schools. And poets were figures of stature even among what the literati would have called the great unwashed. Young people who now devote themselves to graffiti wrote verse with no self-consciousness.

Now we seem to be in the final stages of a poetic blackout. The "intellectual" magazines one by one are eliminating verse from their fare. Review pages consign the small volumes to oblivion. Book publishers—many of them units of "communications" conglomerates or breakfast-cereal companies—grunt that "poetry doesn't sell" or is irrelevant. So the writing of verse, even when it sees print, becomes a kind of literary masturbation.

The alienation is compounded when what poetry is published becomes the near monopoly of English instructors whose position in small universities presumably gives them a *cachet*—a monopoly broken occasionally by TV performers and the writers of prurient novels. Booksellers respond by relegating verse to a shelf south of the greeting cards. The National Endowment for the Arts has money it must spend, so it bestows some of it on "poets" who have produced one-word masterpieces—and does so with less generosity than it has shown to such as the zany, or shrewd, Chicagoan developing the high art of body thumping.



What does this portend? In the years that followed the 1912 renascence, America not only began evolving a new and important voice but seized the poetic initiative. There were pitifully few other poetic voices in the world—García Lorca and Antonio Machado in Spain, Rilke in Germany, Mandelstam in Russia. The brave new world of the Soviet Union eventually produced a Yevtushenko, more posturer than creator. But America's voice was muffled to a real degree by the death of Theodore Roethke. The break between the poet and the reader, the receivership of the poetic impulse by academic minnesingers, and the rejection of verse by the publishing and critical fraternity have meant paralysis, temporary perhaps, of the poetic larynx.

It is not necessary to subscribe to Shelley's overblown dictum that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" to fear for the human psyche. At best, poetry has given us an *explication de texte* of man's inner nature. But the immense future of poetry foreseen by Matthew Arnold and its role as an adjunct to religion are no more. They have gone, and the going is a symptom of the platonic politicization of art and a "rationalist" *Weltanschauung*. Instead we have seen the triumph of Macaulay's view of poetry as the trauma of unsound minds.

Poetry is a dissident, yet ordering impulse. But at a time when "dissidence" has grown establishmentarian, poetry becomes irrelevant, or at best the anguished effluent of a Dylan Thomas. Matthew Arnold notwithstanding, that must be the diagnosis. Or can the cause for what has been happening in our time go much deeper? Can it be that poetry flourishes and is an accepted part of our culture only during the vigor and expansion of a nation or a society?

If this is the answer, then the prognosis for poetry is indeed gloomy. The surrogate of progress, of growth, is tradition—and the Western world's traditions are being exiled to an intellectual Gulag Archipelago or done away with in political and academic shredders. The poet is a pessimist calling out to an optimistic world. He is, to pursue the paradox further, the spiritual product of a surging materialism. Shakespeare is proof enough of this.

The poet will, of course, continue to sing—much as beshawled old women pray in empty Russian churches—but his voice will echo in a cistern. He has been rejected by our civilization, perhaps because that civilization is no longer confident and spends its time rubbing camphor on a rheumy chest. A society in twilight seeks darkness, not the poet's scolding. As the poet's song becomes a mutter, what emerges from his throat is the lonely and unheard keening of Cassandra. Poor Matthew Arnold.

Poor poetry. □

TELEVISION

VILLAINS ALL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

This year's BBC Shakespeare plays are being produced by Jonathan Miller, just possibly the world's most versatile man. He is also a Jew, not by religion (he seems urbanely sans faith) but, as we say, by extraction. This fact seems to give him the confidence, credentials, and detachment to do what few producers of Christian extraction dare attempt, even supposing they had Miller's brains.

Anyway, Miller has tackled the two most "dated" plays first: *Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Feminists are sure to be offended by *Shrew*, so Miller prefaced the play by explaining its historical provenance so that everyone would see that it's not in the strict sense sexist. Of course there

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is no strict sense of sexist, so that's all one. In any case, this apology allowed him to go ahead and do the play straight, without trying anachronistically to invest it with currently fashionable attitudes, which in a few years will be far more dated than this comedy.

MERCHANT presents an even touchier problem, because Shylock, unlike Kate, is no joke. Again Miller explained that the play is set in a time when liberal presuppositions hadn't taken hold. Accordingly, it had been resolved that Shylock should not be played as a martyr to antisemitism. What's more, the way Warren Mitchell played him you could almost smell him.

Mitchell's Shylock is a comically grubby little fellow, wheedling and whining and pleading, jabbing his uneasy interlocutors with his stubby fingers as he speaks. Pushy, you might say. Certainly inauthentic: we don't know for sure that Shakespeare ever saw a Jew, especially one with a thick Yiddish accent.

Let's face it. If you belong to any well-defined minority group, you know there are people, maybe in your own family, who conform to stereotype in the most embarrassing way. (If you can't think of any, maybe your relatives can.) But their existence is politely ignored by egalitarianism and indignantly denied by those who jockey for ethnic status within the pluralist milieu.

Still, we all know they are there. I remember how astonished I was when I noticed the similarity of Bella Abzug and William Kunstler to Shylock. The convention calls them all Jews; but you won't find much piety in them. What they have in common is a vindictive envy toward the culture that surrounds them, a furious desire to debunk that culture, to avenge their own cultural humiliation.

Shakespeare didn't read the *Village Voice*, so he couldn't have known Abzug. But he somehow grasped and empathized with the envy that so often underlies minorities' claims to equality. Jonathan Miller grasps it too: he has written a brilliant study of Marshall McLuhan as a Catholic "avenging" himself on the literate culture of the broadly Protestant world.

Miller and Mitchell (who is also Jewish) feel no apologetic compulsion to prettify Shylock. Their instinct is right. Shylock is not a portrait of "the Jews," and the affirmative-action impulse skims over his spite and his almost total lack of Judaic faith. "You're no better than I am!" That, and not universal brotherhood, is the point of "Hath not a Jew eyes?"

This production rightly fastens on Shylock's baseness. Mitchell, like all great comedians, is without shame. His whole body is a mass of unseemly fidgets and swivels, his brows churn and lift, his eyes glint and crinkle, all with so much energy that you can't help being overwhelmed by his geniality even when it's obviously fake. He does everything for immediate effect, to wrest from others the social response that the rites of etiquette—*their* etiquette—impose. Mitchell triumphs through, not against, the stereotype. No twentieth century subtlety for him. He's *crood.*

Instead of belting out "Hath not" etc. like a Verdi aria, he cackles it while throwing his arms around his Christian baiters. Not the best way to handle it, maybe, but better than trying to wring histrionics from lines Bartlett has made too familiar.

But a strange thing happens. By refusing to bid for sympathy, by playing Shylock raw, Mitchell makes him unexpectedly moving. As his enemies contrive his daughter's elopement, then taunt him about it, you feel you are watching a mangy mutt being teased until the teasing becomes torture. Even that mutt can't deserve *this.* He's still a mutt, and his enemies may be made of better stuff, but they asked for the trouble they got.

"But since I am a dog, beware my fangs!" In the old melodramatic formula, a story is as good as its villain, and Shylock is a troubling villain. Shakespeare's interest in him is clearly deeper than the plot requires; no other character in the play gets anything like comparable creative attention. *Time*'s excellent drama critic T. E. Kalem has observed that you can have the next to last word on Shakespeare's characters, but not the last: they are as opaque as life. That is why they don't always fit into pat plots. Play Shylock as ugly as you please: he still arrests the heart. Not because the play is a tract on the plight of minorities, but because you can imagine yourself in his place—including his burden of spite and sin.

Though Shylock is an unprepossessing sort of Jew, the Christians of *Merchant* are all wit and glitter. Or "glister," as in "All that glisters is not gold." They have about as little piety as he does, and at least as much sanctimony. He falls not to their virtue but to their—particularly Portia's—pharisaism.

But Shakespeare is subtle about this, as usual, enclosing a higher drama for the "wiser sort" within his Jew-baiting crowd-pleaser. Alas, the BBC chooses to make the Christians as repulsive as Shylock, and in the last act the banter about the rings is played so solemnly the conclusion seems headed for divorce court, where Portia would be sure to win a handsome settlement. □

FILM

SECOND-CITY BLUES

JOHN SIMON

Some conspicuous movies of the past year unaccountably eluded my coverage, most notably *Ordinary People*, Robert Redford's directorial debut, now up for six Academy Awards—if that sort of thing still means anything to you, which I sincerely hope it doesn't. *Ordinary People* is an earnest, well-meaning film, determined to be forthright and searing, to reveal the lives of quiet desperation under the well-waxed façade of Lake Forest, Illinois affluence. Yet everything remains a bit propaedeutic, a mite primitive, as if someone, instead of creating a work of the imagination, had dramatized a self-help book.

The Jarretts are a family carrying on gallantly after tragedy has struck. Calvin continues to be a prosperous, cheerful, considerate tax attorney, husband, and father, and Beth is still a fine, elegant, crisply efficient wife who, without full-time help, keeps a sizable house shipshape enough for a round-the-world cruise should it be cut from its Chicago moorings. And cut it was, by a sailing accident in which Buck, the popular elder son, was drowned, and which Conrad, the more introverted younger brother, blamed himself for surviving. Conrad then attempted suicide, spent months in a hospital receiving shock treatment, and is back now uneasily repeating junior year in high school. Beth, it turns out, adored Buck, but has no real love for Con, whom she perhaps blames for Buck's death, though this is not made clear. Cal, full of good intentions, tries feebly to mediate between

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Dark Horses

KEVIN LYNCH

OF ALL THE dark horses followed in this column, here, unarguably, is the darkest, the one with the slightest chance of climbing any best-seller list.

In the early Thirties, more than three hundred Americans bade farewell to an America humbled by Depression, and set sail for the workers' paradise that was being built in the Soviet Union. Among them were five members of the Sam Herman family, who left Detroit in 1931 to go to work in the Soviet Union under a nine-year contract between the Soviet government and the Ford Motor Company. Only one member of the family ever returned to the United States—Sam Herman's younger son, Victor—and it took him 45 years. In an earlier book (*Coming Out of the Ice*, published in 1979), Victor Herman recounted his own astonishing story; in his new book, *The Grey People* (Independent Publishing Co., P.O. Box 4455, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205; $10), he writes on behalf of those Americans who cannot tell their own story, either because they are dead or because they are still in the Soviet Union.

Despairing of ever securing any commercial backing for *The Grey People*, Herman formed his own publishing company and printed the book himself. It shows. The cover is drab and amateurish; the paper is cheap; there are scores of spelling errors. There are probably few similar publications in America; in its stark unpretentiousness, it most resembles the *samizdat* writings from the Soviet bloc.

As soon as the Hermans arrived in the Soviet Union, Victor's mother realized that they had made a dreadful mistake. She implored her husband to move back to Detroit, but he was a true believer who, as his son Victor writes, "could not or would not" see the "grim realities." Mrs. Herman was dead a year later. The faith of the father persisted a few more years, and when he finally gave up it was too late; the contract between Ford and the Soviet government was abrogated in 1936 (presumably by the Soviets), leaving the Americans without legal protection in a country whose rulers suspected everybody, most especially foreigners. In 1938, Victor's father told him to take his sister to the American Embassy and remain there until they were allowed to leave the country. Sam Herman urged his son to go home and tell America the truth about Soviet Communism. "My father's warning came too late," writes Victor. "He wasn't arrested, but the secret police picked me up on July 20, 1938. . . . Now my real education in Soviet Communism began."

AFTER SLAVING 14 hours a day in the forests of Siberia, Herman would go to the invalid tent where prisoners of every variety—Communist Party officials, Old Bolsheviks, White Guards from the Russian Civil War—who were too weak or too sick to work engaged in the freest conversations in the Soviet Union; they usually had but one topic: where Communism had gone wrong. As time went by, Herman learned through the prison grapevine of the disappearance and death of other Americans who, like the Herman family, had come to help build the USSR. By 1943, of those Americans who had been arrested, he was the only one known to be still alive. From his description of prison conditions, it is hard not to believe that he was the most unfortunate of all.

Chapter after chapter details brutality on an awesome scale. The sexual abuses visited upon women prisoners—by other women, by men, by animals—are perhaps the most repellent part of the book, though competition for that distinction is admittedly intense. Yet, Herman survived; in fact, he more than survived. He came back to America, in 1976, to tell the truth about Soviet Communism and about the Americans who died and the Americans who are still there, forgotten by their country. Forty per cent of the proceeds from the book will be donated to a fund to bring those Grey People who are still alive back to the United States. □

"Must reading for those who would truly understand the power, politics, and heart of China"*

COMING ALIVE
CHINA AFTER MAO
By Roger Garside

"**Brilliant, prize-winning reporting**.... No book to date has so forcefully underscored the triumph of Deng Xiaoping, or described in more movingly authentic terms the shifting political tides."
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mother and son, who keep talking past each other.

Conrad broods and sulks until Dr. Berger, a Jewish psychiatrist, helps him let out his repressed WASP emotions (a rather Jewish notion of Gentile life, not unlike the one in Woody Allen's *Interiors*, prevails here). Even Calvin is aided by the tough yet kind, messy yet wise Berger, and finally father and son see behind Beth's mask. Revealed in her ungivingness, she leaves, and Cal and Con are united in a bursting nova of affection, with Con apparently beginning a wholesome relationship with Jeannine, a delightful schoolmate.

I have oversimplified a little, but the film's message, drilled in with tactful but unremitting understatement—like major surgery under local anaesthesia—keeps iterating its twin ideas: let it all hang out lest you hang yourself; and love, love, love one another or perish. A brace of plausible enough points, these, and probably worth their billionth restatement, human imperfectibility being what it is. Nevertheless, to survive all that competition from ceaseless repetition, they have to be handled with pristine sharpness of observation, strategically sound deployment throughout a plot, characterizations that have both solidity and complexity, and, finally, a certain breathing space for the characters—room for some ambiguity, idiosyncrasy, nonpurposiveness, so that quirky life does not get chopped down to fit the Procrustean bed of pseudo-art.

On most, if not all, of these counts *Ordinary People* fails. Judith Guest's best-seller, on which Alvin Sargent's screenplay is based, is not really a better work, but it does have two good instincts the movie lacks: it tries to fill in the characters' backgrounds and environments (admittedly easier in a novel), and it tries to inject some humor, however second-rate, into the gloomy proceedings. The movie may have foreshortened too much; it has certainly become more long-faced and antiseptic, more relentlessly purposeful. We get a sense of every scene, however short, having been carefully programmed to make its single point before proceeding to the next scene, with its equally neat, cleanly made point, and so on throughout this entire lecture, sermon, or mathematical demonstration that is *Ordinary People*.

At the very beginning, when Beth, Cal, and another couple emerge from

what seems to have been some dismal little-theater production, Cal asks with an unnerved laugh, "Well, did we like it?" Aha, we say, here is a man unsure of himself and trying to find a socially ingratiating way out of his insecurity. A little later, during the film's only classroom scene, a particularly odious English teacher (probably not meant that way, but who knows?) asks Conrad about Hardy's Jude: "Do you think he was powerless in the grip of circumstances, or could he have helped himself?" Con hesitates: "I don't know. Powerless? I guess he thought he was." Ah, yes! The problem in a nutshell, along with the solution squeezed right in with it: as long as you think you are powerless, you are. So change your way of thinking.

But problems, in life or art, are not readily fittable into nutshells, and there are capricious winds that dislodge and efface the existential signposts. Beth's cold efficiency is steadily, stridently underlined. If her son won't immediately eat the French toast set before him, into the shredder it goes; if Cal, in bed, wants to make love, she will let him do so, but with what seems feigned responsiveness. But, then, why did this woman love Buck so much and Conrad so little? And now that Con is all that is left to her, wouldn't she, so well trained in deception and self-deception, transfer at least a semblance of affection to him?

The film suffers from ideological schematism that often does not even seem psychologically thought through. And Redford's generally competent direction nevertheless reinforces the didacticism. Thus Beth and Cal come home from that theater in a sequence in which the camera shoots through the balustrade their legs winding their way up an inner staircase toward their sleeping quarters. Yes, yes: life as the placing of one foot ahead of the other along a closed-in path—an orderly routine mechanically pursued. Our feet can do our living for us. There is no room for the unpredictable in this kind of filmmaking—for the lint of irony, the fluff of ambivalence that in an art conversant with truth adheres to the steeliest certainties. When, for example, in Rilke's great *The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge*, the lovely, somewhat lost mother sighs to her son, "There are no classes for beginners in life, Malte," there is just a chance that this may only be her despairing view. When Dr. Berger tells Con, "Feelings are scary: sometimes they're painful, and if you're not going to feel pain, you are not going to feel anything else either," we must allow as how this is a powerfully unambiguous verity. And also dangerously close to a platitude.

Still, there are some decent things in this film, even if its general intellectual level and its view of psychotherapy are not quite of their number. There is, for instance, no last-minute effort to whitewash Beth and no attempt to tell us whether her departure is temporary or conclusive. Yet that final shot of Con and Cal in a tearful albeit manly embrace—echoing a somewhat earlier and less likely parting hug between Berger and Con—is a bit too pat in its paternal-filial bliss. And Redford the director is still opting for fairly obvious camera placements and movements, though he does manage to set and maintain a brisk narrative pace.

Best of all are three pieces of acting. Elizabeth McGovern breezes into believability as Jeannine, all uncluttered, outgoing warmth and yet beset by little slips of youthful ineptitude, which the actress conveys with a marvelous coltishness that seems to grow into a rich femininity before our very eyes. Donald Sutherland gives his best performance in years as Calvin; all too often miscast in roles too extreme for him to handle without blatancy, here, as a middling man of good will, he stumbles toward ripeness with a good deal of winning, unexaggerated pathos. The most remarkable work, however, is in the Conrad of Timothy Hutton, a preco-

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ciously pared-down actor already free of any form of special pleading such as cuteness, unearned intensity, pseudo-honest befuddlement translated into excessive pauses and hesitancies, and all the rest. Instead, Hutton confronts Conrad's uncertainties and reversals head on, allowing us to see the forming of thoughts, the genesis and repression and outbursts of feeling with a vocabulary of expressions that is articulate but never prolix.

Alas, *Ordinary People* also has two flaws that consign it below the respectable mediocrity to which it otherwise manages to cling. One is Mary Tyler Moore's Beth, whose initially convincing frigidity (it has the look of typecasting rather than acting, but, so long as it works, who cares?) soon spills over into a slackness in and around the eyes, and shades, in scenes of climactic intensity, into something that looks like sheer bloated stupidity, quite ungermane to the role. The other is Marvin Hamlisch's truly loathsome score that begins with Pachelbel's already overexploited Canon and proceeds to ring a series of ever more unwelcome changes on it—including bizarre pop arrangements and finally even human voices—implicating us in its musical cud-chewing. How one longs to give this soundtrack a sound trashing! □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WEALTH OF A NATION TO BE, *by Alice Hanson Jones (Columbia, 494 pp., $25).* What was America really like when it set out on the path of nationhood. Were the soon-to-be-independent colonists essentially marginal squatters, little better off economically than the aborigines they displaced? Or were they, as Adam Smith surmised, doing relatively well for their time and circumstance? The answer is important, not for antiquarian reasons, but for the insights it might offer into the patterns of growth and welfare that preceded and followed independence, and the policies these might suggest. In this landmark classic of economic history, Alice Jones undertakes to supply an answer, which she does by an imaginative application of statistical sampling and computer analysis to colonial probate records. Scrupulously avoiding ideology in favor of an exposition of her research techniques, she resoundingly vindicates Smith's supposition that abundant land, and liberty to manage their own affairs, had paid off handsomely for the inhabitants of British North America. An arresting dividend is afforded by a mini-biography in which the author tells her story as wife, mother, and economist. Interestingly, the lady whose *chef-d'œuvre* rehabilitates the old orthodoxy of Adam Smith is the wife of Homer Jones, who, as research director of the St. Louis Fed, virtually eviscerated the new orthodoxy of John Maynard Keynes. GERALD T. DUNNE

BURNT WATER, *by Carlos Fuentes (Farrar, 231 pp., $11.95).* One can summarize the main concern in Carlos Fuentes's quite engrossing book as the conflict between nobility and servility, between prehistoric gods and modern idols of money and success. His setting bears a certain resemblance to William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, with its juxtaposition of traditional values and Snopesian incivility. With a few exceptions, the stories, set in Mexico City, are about past and present times, Pancho Villa's obliterated legacy and today's world of Coca-Cola ads, leprous food, and political terrorism. The conflict erupts to become a cleavage in manners, a Jamesian tug-of-war between democracy and possession, egalitarianism and vulgarity, spontaneity and pomposity. In its most delicate utterances, it evokes a feeling of nostalgia for disappearing beauty, decency, honor; in its crudest statement, there is a morbid passion for death that brings to mind the Spanish Inquisition. In "Mother's Day," for example, a boy reviews the performances of three generations, from the old days of Mexico's fight for independence to today's lusterless, non-heroic age exemplified in his weak and irresolute "bourgeois" father. The towering figure that inspires the young man in the story is grandpa, General Vergara: a quarrel between him and the boy's father is the key to revelations of character that are also a mirror of contemporary Mexico, caught between a dream that is dead (the Revolution) and a reality that can't be endured (today's millions of poor in Mexico City).

NEREO E. CONDINI

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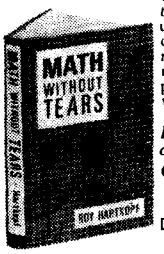

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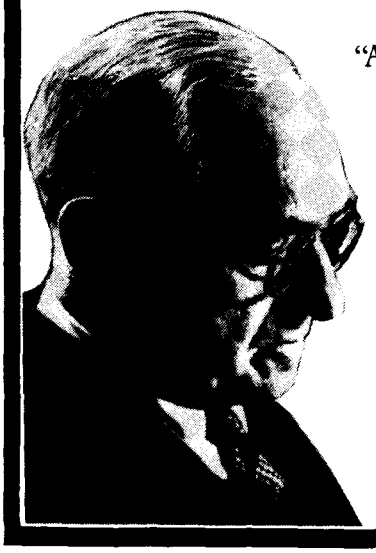

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Caesar . . . sent a brief message to Rome . . . *Veni, vidi, vici.* The usual translation is, "I came, I saw, I conquered," but Shakespeare's "Came and saw and overcame" is just as good.

(I have invented a rather lame translation—to catch the alliteration as well: "Went, watched, won.")

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Getting the Word Around

On The Right

New York, Mar. 10—The decision of General Haig to dispatch Ambassador Lawrence Eagleburger with the documentation that El Salvador's insurrectionists are being armed by the Soviet Union is a refreshing departure from the see-no-evil hear-no-evil practices of the preceding Administration. If the Soviet ambassador had pulled out a pistol and shot Arnaud de Borchgrave live on the Johnny Carson Show, the Andy Youngs of this world would have said it was all *trompe l'oeil*. Secretary Haig wants to cut out the mystifications. If the Soviet Union is training the PLO, then let's say it: "The Soviet Union is training the PLO."

Now Soviet apologists are marvelous. Their favorite device is flat denial, almost inevitably preceded by the high effrontery, "as everybody knows . . ." as in, "as everybody knows, the Soviet Union entered Afghanistan only at the invitation of the democratic government." The second line of defense is the drawing of eristic distinctions. For instance, "How can you hold the Soviet Union responsible for training the PLO, when in fact the PLO isn't even being trained in the Soviet Union?" Unhappily, such ventures in sophistry grow old and fat, feeding on the public credulity. The assumption is: The people who are training the PLO aren't Russians. But many in fact are. And it is Russians who train the people who are training the PLO. Or—another one—"Where is the PLO getting its weapons?" If the answer to that one is "Czechoslovakia," then the next question is: "Does Czechoslovakia sell weapons other than to nations the Soviet Union authorizes Czechoslovakia to sell weapons to?" For instance: Would Czechoslovakia sell weapons to the People's Republic of China?

I have in front of me a two-year-old document containing useful information never published, let alone distributed abroad by any emissary of Mr. Carter's Secretary of State. The document reminds those of us with porous memories that way back in 1971 Jean Rochet, at the time the head of the French DSD—their equivalent of the FBI—went on the air to warn that there are an estimated twenty thousand Soviet, East European, and Cuban agents of the KGB *in France alone*. If Joe McCarthy had said anything on that scale, he'd have lost the support of Mrs. McCarthy.

We knew in 1979 that the Soviet Union had sponsored bases in Iraq for the purpose of training terrorist units. These units have Soviet, East German, and Cuban instructors. One group was trained as frogmen, capable of laying mines in deep water, blowing up underwater targets, and striking at mid-Gulf shipping from vast, Zodiac-type rubber outboards and choppers. The naval terrorists trained there have the skill of hijacking a supertanker by night. Others are trained to spend months in the desert, in readiness for operations against remote oil installations and pipelines.

And on and on and on. One is left feeling as though it were 1945, and we have the burden of proving that Adolf Hitler was antisemitic. But is it all changing, with the aging of the Bolshevik leaders? All the prominent defectors and dissidents, from Sakharov to Grigorenko, have told us that the younger generation of apparatchiki, those in the mid-forties, are even more dogmatic, more dangerous, more adventurist. One hundred anti-Shah publications were in business during the Shah's last fateful year in power. Funds came mostly from Libya—and South Yemen. P.O. Box 5101, Moalla, Aden, account number 58305, ostensibly a collection point for charity contributions for the families of Iranians executed by SAVAK, was, in fact, a Soviet front.

We should not merely know about this sort of thing, we should make a public issue of it. Peregrine Worsthorne reports in the London *Sunday Telegraph* that he was present at a party given for Jeane Kirkpatrick by Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kristol where the point was debated: should our new ambassador to the UN cozy up to the Third World by seeing, hearing, and speaking no evil about evil? Or should she open her mouth wide and tell them what's going on? Worsthorne, an editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, votes Yes. I'll second that, and my guess is that Al Haig will make it unanimous. □

ON RIGHT AND WRONG

New York, Mar. 12—A casual line, thoughtlessly dropped in *Newsweek* in a report on stalled SALT negotiations, gives us a clue to the principal moral responsibility of the Reagan Administration, which is persuasively to reassert certain truths that distinguish us from those we seek to protect ourselves against. In citing the dangers of a nuclear buildup, *Newsweek* correspondents conclude: "At best, the extra billions of dollars for defense would severely drain both countries' economies. At worst, the pell-mell, action-reaction cycle would produce a temporary advantage for one side that it might be tempted to exploit."

Both sides. Who began that stuff? Probably the worst expression of it was in a speech given at Yale by Senator William Fulbright in the Sixties. George Kennan, when he gets clinical, oversterilizes his vocabulary, and before long you see the Soviet Union as the A team and the U.S. as the B team, all very simple. Probably the worst of the lot, both because he spoke always from an august pedestal, and because he spoke augustly, was Charles de Gaulle. Above all because his statements were taken to be informed by a distinctive historical sweep and guided by right reason. He referred, on several occasions, to "*les deux hégémonies*." "The two hegemonies." He would have been altogether dumbfounded if Winston Churchill had referred to the Vichy government, dominated by the Nazis, and the exile government, dominated by de Gaulle, as "France's two contending governments."

The nadir in our period of self-abuse

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came during the Vietnam War, when such as Noam Chomsky of MIT, and others mostly forgotten but whose moral reasoning continues its extraordinary resonance in the academies and in the press, denounced America. It became altogether routine to make comparisons between Americans and North Vietnamese, to the disadvantage of Americans. For Soviet propagandists to construe the United States as the aggressor nation is routine stuff. It ought not to be routine stuff for Americans to accept lackadaisically the most significant triumph of the Communist-aggressor movement, which is to persuade so many that there are, as between the Soviet Union and the United States, merely historical-cultural differences. The difference between us isn't that we are saints and they sinners. It is that we seek to be saints and they seek to be sinners. Sainthood here defined as the acceptance of the individual human being as a man born to be free; sin here defined as the dedivinization of man in pursuit of secular ideology.

What's the matter with *Newsweek*? For twenty years the United States had conclusive military and nuclear superiority. I don't know a single public figure who proposed that we should use it to dispose pre-emptively of the creeping Soviet menace. At the end of 1945 we occupied Germany, Japan, Italy, and a dozen peripheral countries. We could, had we been so disposed, have colonized Great Britain and France. Instead we got out of all those countries, gave the Philippines their independence, and, after a generation's entreaty, agreed to annex Hawaii and Alaska as sovereign states.

NEWSWEEK secured an interview with Rubin Zamora, who is emerging as the principal spokesman for the revolutionaries in El Salvador. *Question:* "Why did the American Government release its so-called white paper claiming [note: 'claiming,' not 'demonstrating'] outside meddling in El Salvador?"

Answer: "The United States is up to its neck in support for a genocidal government . . . It's so similar to what the United States was saying just before its 1965 intervention in the Dominican Republic. My personal feeling is great sorrow."

My personal feeling is that talking with Mr. Zamora other than behind bars is a waste of time. Find me a member of the Reagan Administration interested in genocide. Why did the overwhelming majority of the Organization of American States support President Johnson's intervention in the Dominican Republic? How long did U.S. troops stay there? Who backed democratic practices there during the last election?

The government of El Salvador is mess. It has gone through thirty upheavals since 1932. The notion that the clouds would part and posies spring up in the pavements of San Salvador if only the junta redistributed the land, is as naïve as that we are intervening in El Salvador because we like to support people engaged in killing other people. Reagan is right: the distinction between the Duartes of this world and the Zamoras of this world is a distinction within which we need to maneuver. But let us be morally assertive. It is not chauvinistic to announce that the United States will not tolerate another Soviet-dominated abscess in the Western Hemisphere, and if people don't understand why, then they are moral idiots. □

REAGAN VS. THATCHER

New York, March 4—During the Thatcher-Reagan visit we were reminded of a *Punch* cartoon that appeared after a meeting between President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan in 1957, at the end of which the two leaders warbled forth a communiqué that had not been matched since the Liebesnacht between Tristan and Isolde. The cartoon showed Eisenhower in tweedy clothes wearing a cap and sitting on a park bench outside the White House with Macmillan wearing the Scottish version of a lady's country clothes. Ike had his arm around Macmillan's shoulder, and the caption read:

"Darling."

"What, darling?"

"Nothing, darling. Just 'darling,' darling."

Well, Reagan-Thatcher wasn't quite that gooey, and it is of course correct that the Secretary of the Treasury was instructed to conceal a careful itemization of the differences between Reagan's program and that of Mrs. Thatcher. Why? Because the success Mr. Reagan will have in Congress heavily depends on high public excitement over the prospective fruits of Mr. Reagan's plan. Most Americans are acutely aware that Mrs. Thatcher's program is in very deep difficulty. They don't, as a rule, inquire deeply into the causes of those difficulties; and as a matter of fact no one can absolutely say what are the causes of her difficulties. They talk, even, about fundamental changes in the British character, and such phenomena cannot be flippantly discounted.

It is a fact that in Great Britain, almost two years after Mrs. Thatcher was elected, things are in a bad way, with very high unemployment, inflation, and general discontent. There are factors at work in Great Britain unrelated to the U.S. situation (for instance, the paradoxical effect of an oil glut maintaining the pound at a value so high as to discourage British exports). But Reagan's program is concretely different. The question is: Is it different enough? The answer depends on another, quite simple question: Will it substantially alter—upwards—the American disposition to save and invest, rather than to consume?

We have before us one more study, pointing to the inadequacy of Mr. Reagan's reforms if the objective is to increase production. It is called "The United States Economic Performance in a Global Perspective," and it is the work of the chief economist for the New York Stock Exchange. It reveals that our tax structure predisposes Americans to spend rather than to save. The index (devised by dividing real growth rate by rates of unemployment and inflation) puts us sixth, behind Japan (37), West Germany (29), France (18), Canada (16), and Sweden (15.3). We then weigh in with 15.2, ahead only of Italy (13.4) and Britain (2.2).

The study then asks the question: Under existing tax laws, how do individuals fare who receive $50,000 in salary plus $49,000 in investment income, which last comes in as dividends ($10,000), interest ($5,000), and capital gains ($34,000). Now, forget Year One of the Reagan Administration, because the effect on the man above described will be so small as to be virtually unnoticeable (the tax rate on that mix of investment income is down from 33.5 cents to 30.6 cents); take Year Three—at the end of the Kemp-Roth line, after the three successive income-tax cuts. The tax on each investment dollar will be 25.4 cents. This compares with rates—at this very moment, not three years from now—of 14.4 cents in Japan, 11.8 cents in West Germany, and 7.3 cents in France. It just isn't good enough to accomplish what the supply-siders are talking about. That doesn't mean that their program isn't an improvement. It is. It does mean that there is a high likelihood that three years from now Ronald Reagan will be visiting with Mrs. Thatcher in Great Britain in the spirit of an undertaker, rather than a redeemer.

IT IS nonsense to say that Reagan has adopted a program based on economic determinism. The American people don't work only to earn money. A lot of them work for the purpose of giving money away. But incentives to save have got to be realistic. In an age when the former economic advisor to George McGovern is advocating an end to the corporate income tax, the elimination of the capital-gains tax, and the elimination of taxes on savings, the most conservative President in U.S. history is advocating: no reduction in the corporate tax rate, no significant reduction in the capital-gains tax, and no significant reduction in taxes on savings. Except that I and the IRS can't afford it, it would all leave me speechless. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the United States of Mexico — 102 18 25 51 39 1 173 6 144

B. Told someone to do something — 112 63 119 101 177 142 130

C. Lyric poems — 115 83 64 40

D. Abduction for ransom — 156 106 80 137 85 120 143 182 7 30

E. Threatens to do harm to someone — 117 2 134 169 108 28 9 175

F. Groups of attendants — 126 178 3 31 92 151 10 160

G. Drunkards — 146 19 179 152 86 158 32 167

H. Lot's sin — 154 104 97 87 123 180

I. He was the American League batting champion twelve times — 183 88 20 38

J. Dawdling — 22 135 33 111 132 181 41 107 65

K. People who have been banished from their homelands — 29 75 93 138 43 110

L. A group of eight — 60 149 184 95 164

M. A city east of Danbury, Conn. — 72 153 48 105 165 163 128

N. An American playwright (1906-1963) — 131 11 109 172 44

O. Far away — 54 62 34 71 73 82

P. Playing marbles for keeps — 141 35 52 21 67 185 157 113

Q. Burning a building for the insurance — 150 61 45 186 79

R. Most bigoted — 42 68 89 98 53 159 23 12 155

S. Rather than — 8 187 24 36 46 78 96

T. RUHR OOZE — 94 37 114 162 4 103 66 121

U. A highway that crosses a large city — 16 74 47 69 116 5 188 13

V. What Lincoln and Douglas were — 58 55 147 14 26 166 140 77

W. A nonentity — 168 70 124 161 148 145

X. Sticks again — 81 125 170 56 27 15 174 133

Y. Conceives — 136 129 171 139 84 176 17

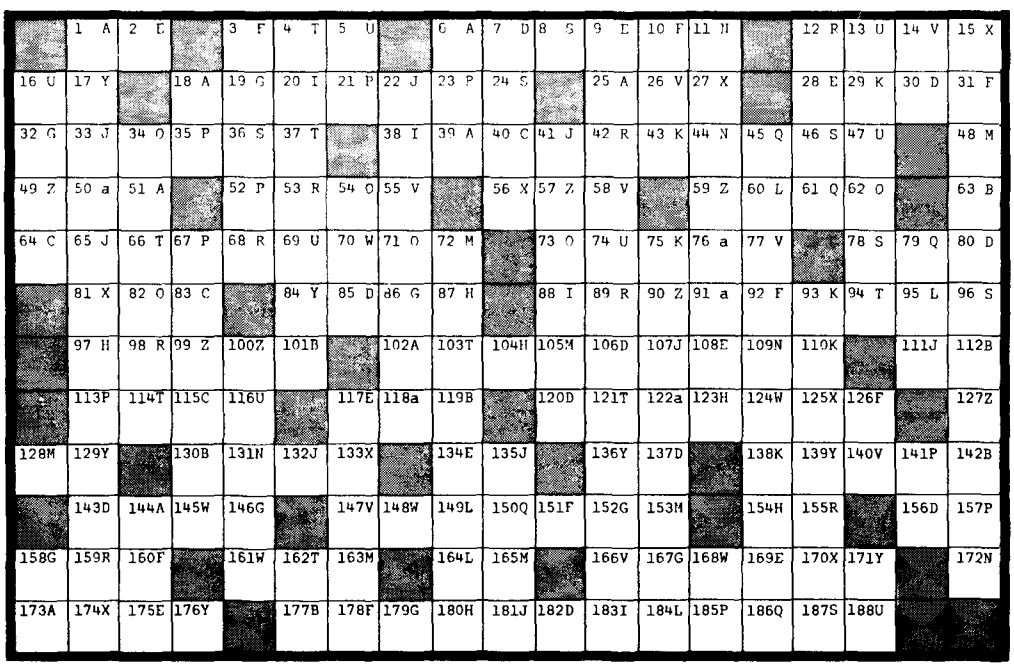
Z. Mutilating — 100 127 49 59 99 57 90

a. Andrew Jackson's Secretary of War, 1829-1831 — 76 91 50 122 118

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 378 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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But we do. And we have proof.

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CARPETS
LaGrange, G[illegible]

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JETTA. 4 IN THE FRONT. 8 IN THE BACK.

Compare the relative merits of today's family cars, and you'll find that a trip to your relatives would be a lot nicer in a Volkswagen Jetta.

In the front, for example, there's room enough for a family of 4 to actually stretch out and enjoy the ride.

In back, there's a trunk big enough to handle 8 suitcases. (Something you don't even get with a Rolls-Royce.)

And under the hood, there's a CIS fuel-injected engine powerful enough to take you from 0 to 50 in just 9.2 seconds. As well as around any trucks, onto any highways and up any mountains you meet along the way.

What's more, even though Road & Track has said it "will embarrass a lot of cars costing a lot more" with its performance and handling, Jetta will never embarrass you at the gas pump.

It gets an EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

And it gives you front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, all-independent suspension and classic European styling.

Impressed with Jetta's relative merits?

Your relatives will be, too.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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